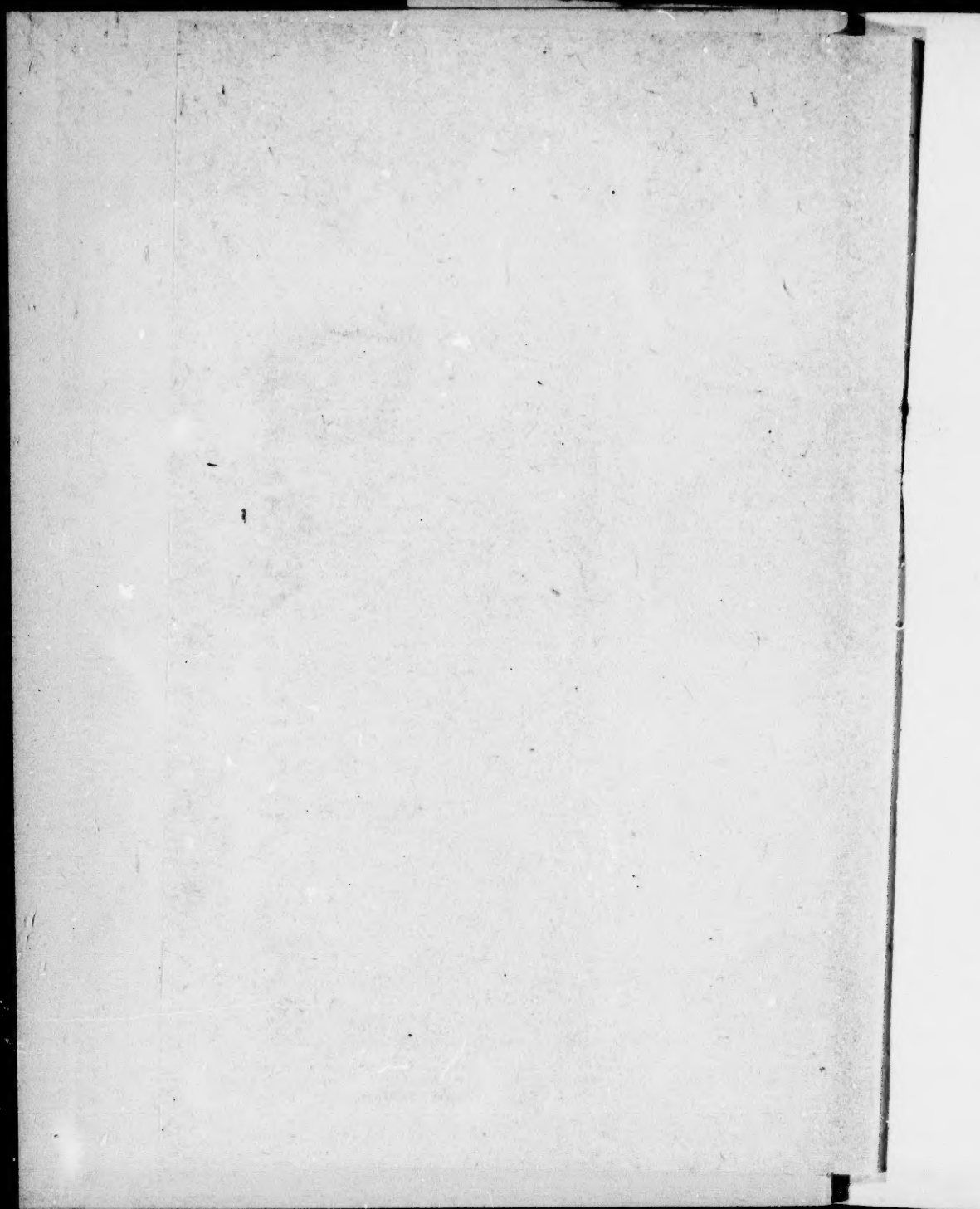




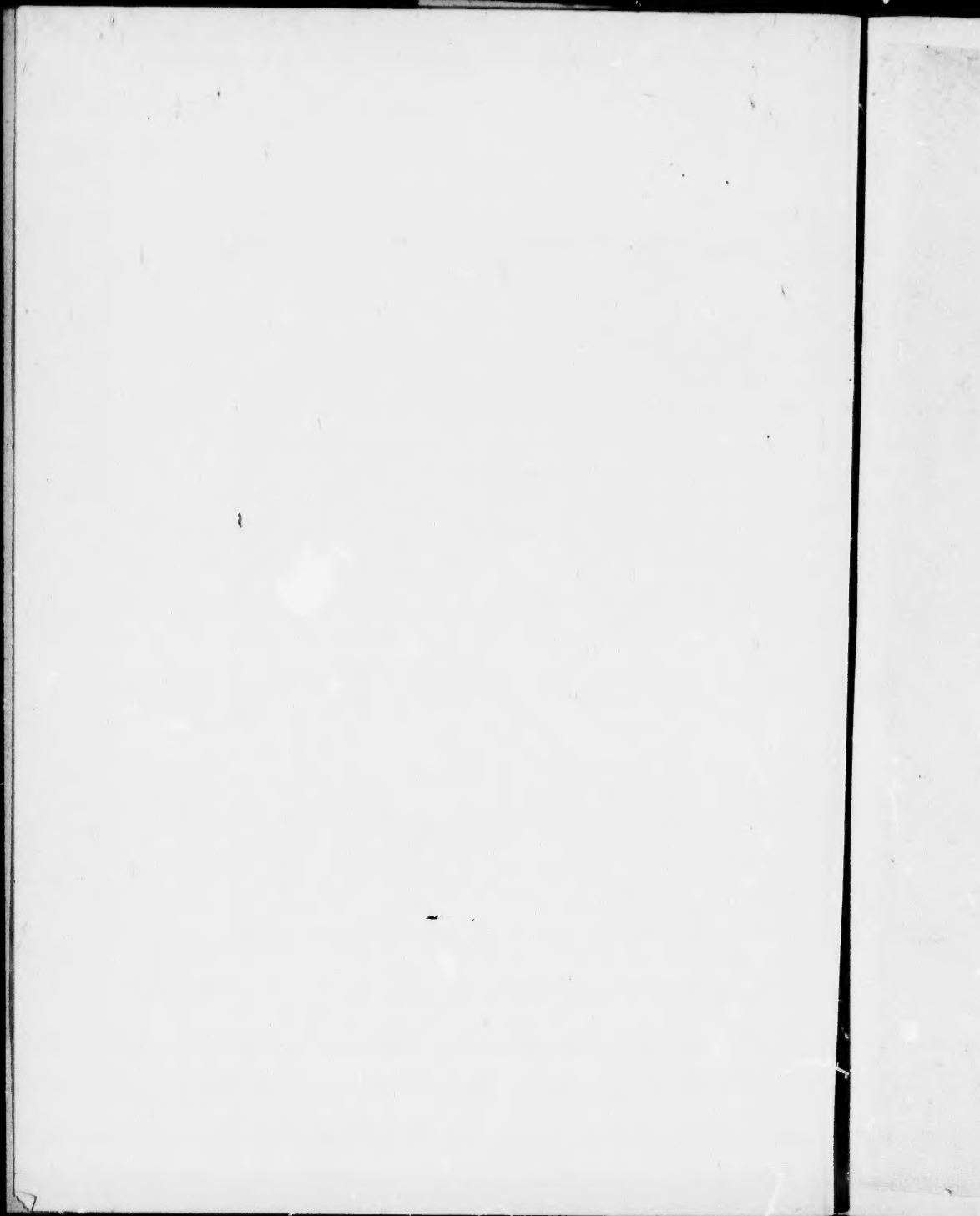


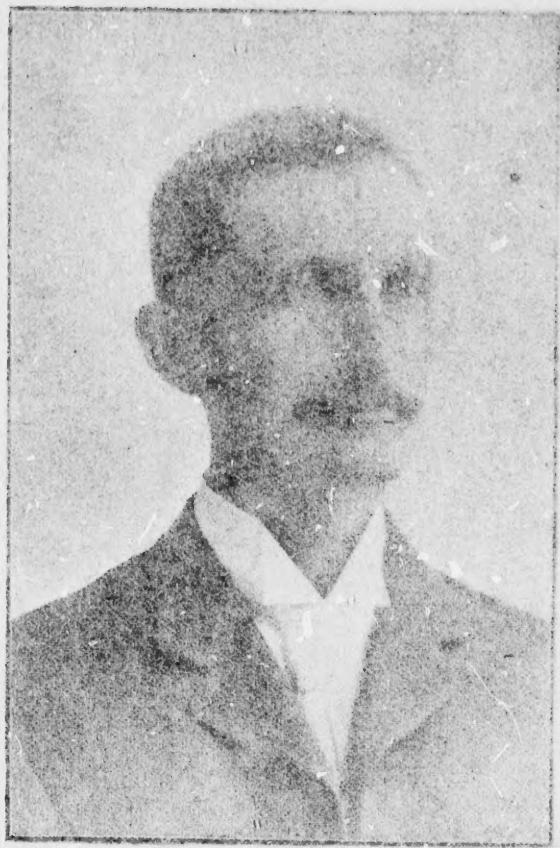
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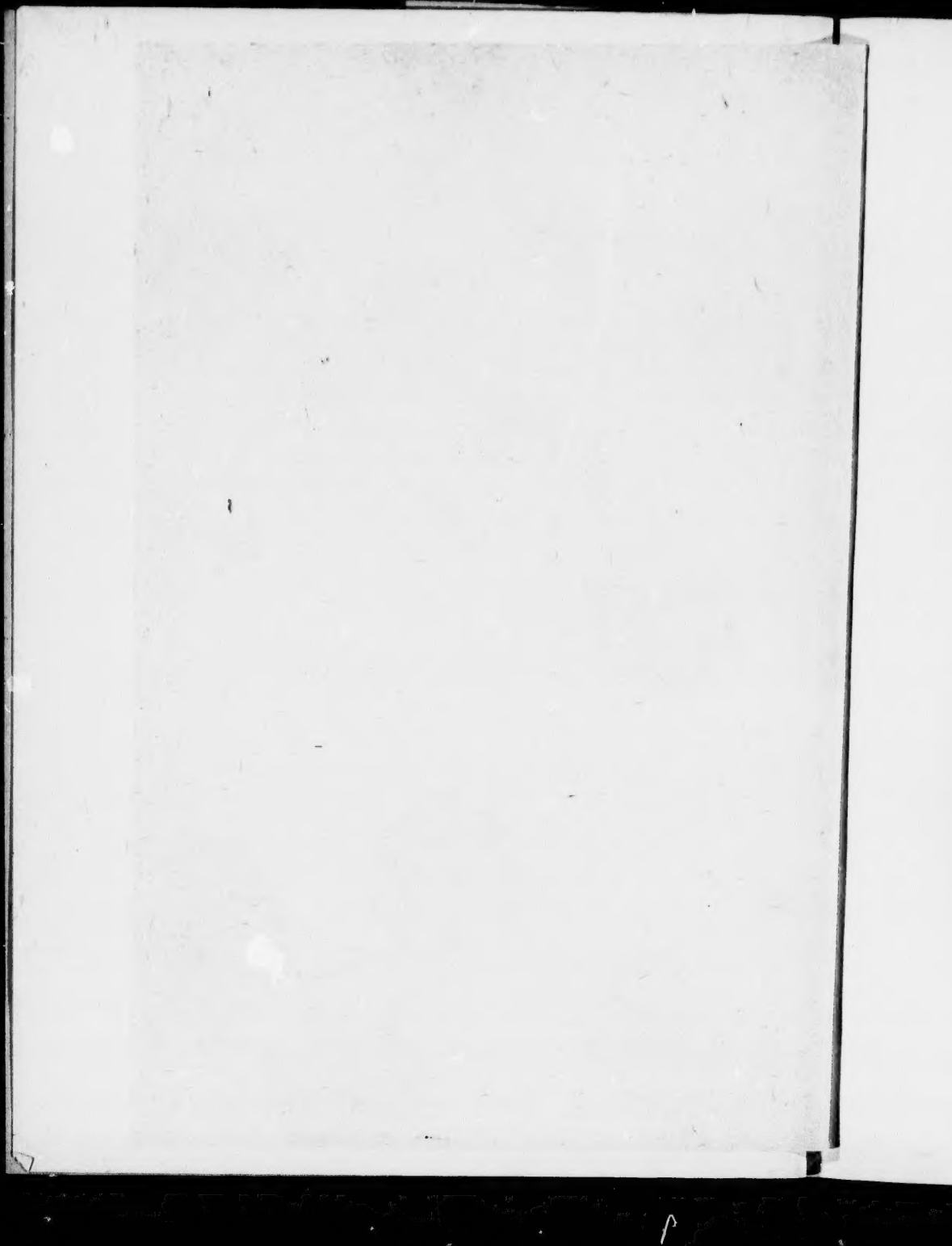


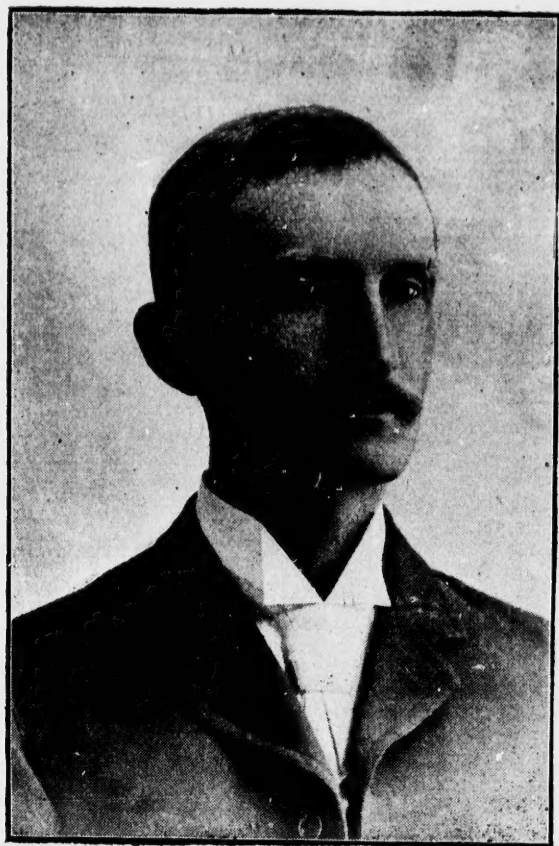
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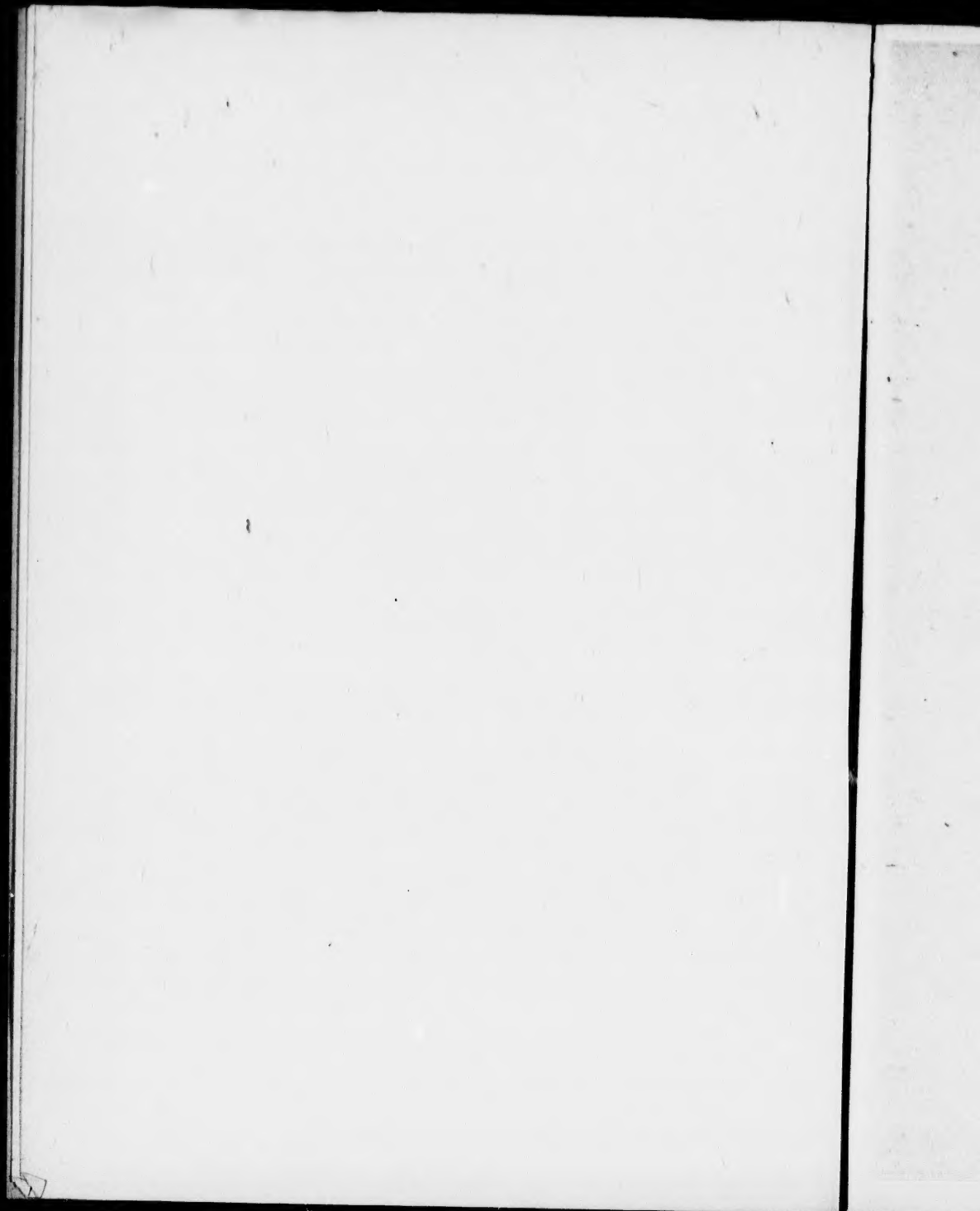


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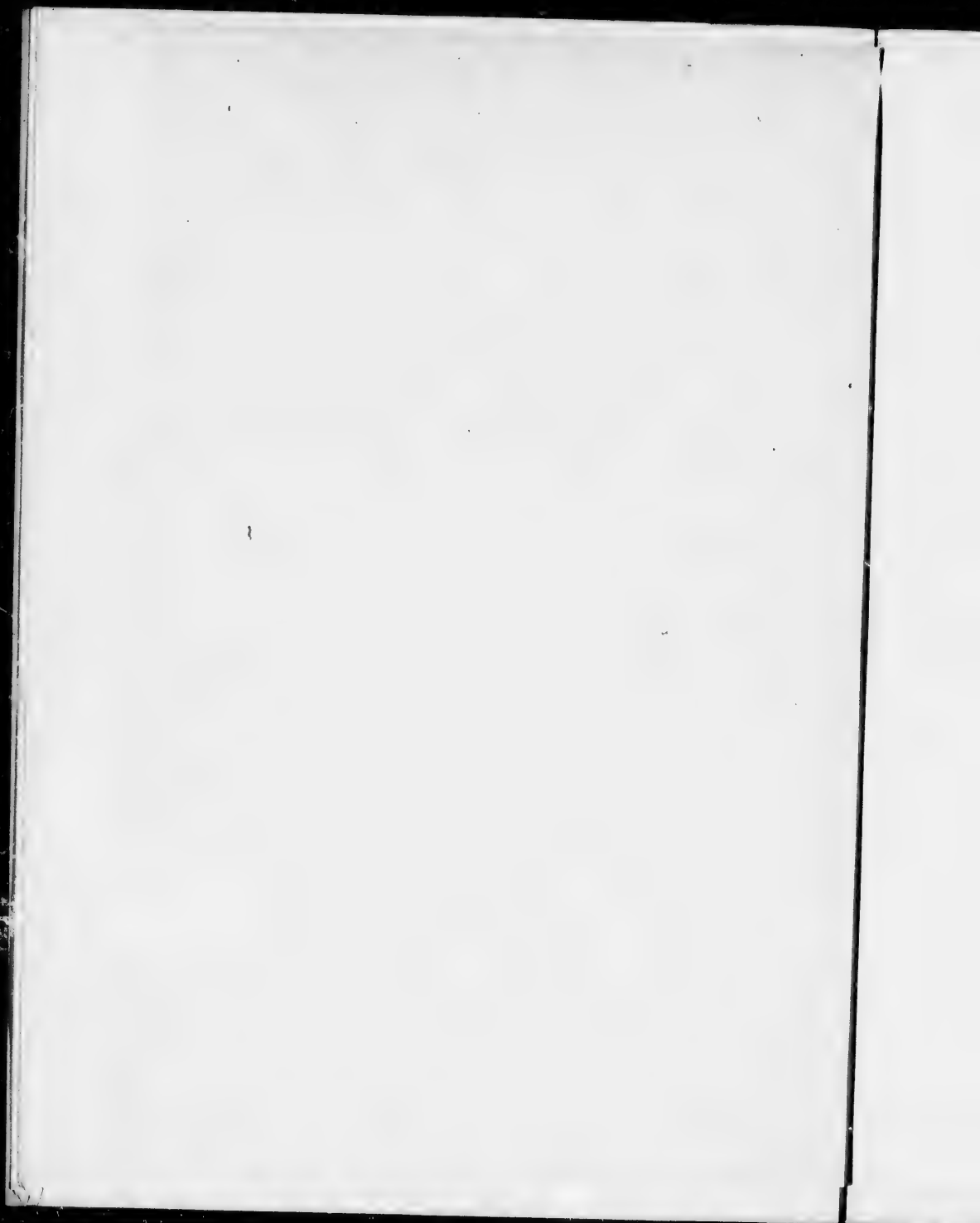


C. LANGLEY.





R. H. McBRIDE.





R. H. McBRIDE.

CYCL

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AND AN

# A SUMMER'S CYCLING REMINISCENCE

THE STORY OF A

Three Months' Bicycling Tour Through  
Europe

AND AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS  
RECEIVED.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

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[Reprinted from "Cycling."]

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## A SUMMER'S CYCLING REMINISCENCE

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How did the idea of the tour originate? This is a question rather hard to answer. It certainly does seem a little out of the ordinary course of expectation that six members of the same bicycle club—the Torontos—should conceive the idea of going through Europe at the same season, and by the same means of locomotion—a bicycle—when such a mode of travelling would be feasible; but the dormant desire in the undecided became quickened into life at the stories of anticipation supplied by the one or two who had decided on the trip many months before. May was the month looked forward to as the commencement of the journey, and the first disappointment presented itself when Messrs. Robinson and Stark found that, to take the tour at all, they would have to start early in April. Our party was one of four, consisting of R. H. McBride, C.

Langley, F. F. Peard, and D. H. McLean, of Ottawa, although "Donald" did not join us until we reached London, in consequence of Toronto University demanding his presence at convocation to receive the B.A. degree. The cause of his delay did not tend to lessen his enjoyment, however, when he did get on the wheel. After several delays which almost induced Langley, who was impatient to get off and forget the first two days' experience at sea, to start a steamer ahead of the other boys, our little band of voyagers left the Union Station on the afternoon of the 27th of May, 1890, amidst the farewell wishes and last good-byes of a number of friends who had assembled to wish us *bon voyage*.

What a peculiar sensation is experienced when you feel yourself being carried away from the old familiar scenes and faces, with the certainty of seeing neither for a lengthened period, and despite the brightness surrounding the prospective delights of the journey, the mind cannot but picture the possibilities that may take place before time brings about a reunion. If we

indulged in any such gloomy reveries, they were entirely dispelled by the time our Pullman drew into the station at Hamilton. What Torontonian could pass Hamilton and not feel at peace with himself and the world. We had our first amusing experience at Niagara Falls, where we were compelled to see that our baggage was re-checked for New York. Peard had on his polo cap with "Torontos" on the peak, and in looking after his wardrobe, which occupied one corner of a good-sized trunk, taken—the trunk I mean—for the purpose of creating additional revenue for the Canadian Government on the return journey, at least that is what McBride believed—while supervising the handling of this most necessary adjunct to the success of the trip, his spirit was humbled by an energetic and guileless female, who innocently requested him to "Please check this trunk for Syracuse, sir." After this incident we almost persuaded him to take off the emblem of distinction, but being the far-famed "McClelland Bullion," it was allowed to remain in its place for the sake of the donor and the organization it

represented. New York was reached without the occurrence of any further incidents of interest, but I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without mentioning the magnificent scenery witnessed from the dangerous, but exhilarating seat on the steps of our car. The morning was a radiant one, and as we rushed along, now losing the sun for an instant in the depths of a tunnel, now stopping for a moment at a station, from which we could see the little town nestling on the banks of the majestic Hudson below, the thought occurred to me, will nature show us any result of her handiwork more sublime than this? Our first desire after reaching the hotel in New York was to see the boat that was to bear us to the land of Scotia, for we expected our bicycles to meet us at Glasgow. The good ship "State of Indiana" lay at her pier in Brooklyn preparing for the departure of the morrow, and having received the opinion of McBride—who is an authority on nautical matters—that the steamer was perfectly seaworthy, we decided that our initial experience of a "life on the ocean wave" was to be a season of unalloyed de-

light. So it was, but like the seasons it was not fair weather all the time. After starting McBride for Philadelphia, from whence were to come our "Kodaks," we spent the few remaining hours of the day in seeing a little of New York—and there is only one New York—THE city of the United States. We wandered through the inviting avenues of Central Park, and only regretted not having our wheels to enjoy the perfect roads. Peard's musical propensities drew us to the Casino—that home of comic opera—in the evening, where at this time the fair Lillian Russell was warbling the melodious, though ancient airs of "The Grand Duchess." During the performance it was apparent that Langley's musical proclivities had been overlooked in youth, or he would now have been a virtuoso, from the fact that he evinced such a marked desire to have each artist improve on his or her particular part by going over the same air repeatedly. Our party was completed again by the arrival of McBride with three inoffensive looking cases, which, upon examination, revealed as many "Kodaks." Had one of us known what the first experi-

ences of "kodaking" would result in for him, there would have been one article less on the list of luxuries.

We stood on the deck of our steamer and watched, with a great deal of interest, the good-byes that were being said at the last moment before the final cry "All ashore" rang out. It seemed to us that something was lacking when we looked upon the sea of faces, none of which had made the pilgrimage to the boat with the object of wishing us a safe and enjoyable voyage across the Atlantic, but our attention was well employed in the study of the various phases of human nature presented to our notice at this leave-taking. Here were people of all ages, representing every walk of life; some on pleasure bent; others crossing the mighty deep with business enterprises as their object; some few in search of the greatest of earthly blessings—health. It was soon over, the crowd on the pier had faded from our vision, we realized that for the next few days we were to be a distinct and separate community, and before we had lost sight of the light-ship our steamer chairs had been elevated to the

hurricane deck and we—considerably on through the first chapter of one of our stock of novels. This did not last long, however, a restless feeling came over us and the books were cast aside. This was the experience day after day. The morning would commence with good resolves for a day of reading, but before the early part of the afternoon was reached we would vacillate from literature to shuffle board, or some equally interesting but harmless amusement. Then we would discover Langley explaining to a couple of vivacious New York Casino Opera Company young ladies the probable species of whale we would see that day, or drop upon the ship's surgeon and McBride discussing the question as to whether the consumption of canned lobster was conducive to a regular attendance at the table. Possibly our wanderings would next bring Peard before our eyes, meditatively engaged in conjecturing whether or not the Kodak was "doing the rest" after the necessary pressure had been applied to the button, and also why the engineers in constructing the boat had not had an eye to the eternal fitness of things

by adding a foot or so to the length of the berths. And so the days passed pleasantly by with little to break the daily monotony of eating and sleeping, aside from one day of a "blow" and the interest created by the game of shuffle-board, which became such a craze that it was played from morning till night, we had a tournament the day before our arrival; and of course Canada came out on top, much to the visible chagrin of a reverend Scotchman who looked after the interests of the Scotch team. We realized that there is an end to everything, and that our voyage was drawing to a close when, on the evening of the last day out we were told that Ireland could be sighted from the bow. Nobody who has not been eleven days on the ocean without seeing land can appreciate how good this information was to us, or how crestfallen we felt after getting to the front of the boat to behold "Ireland" in the shape of the word, drawn in chalk, on the side of the boat. Only a few hours elapsed before the lights along the shore greeted our eyes, and we retired with the comfortable feeling that our next resting place would be on terra

firma. Bright and early next morning the passengers for Ireland took leave of us at Moville, and in a very few hours we were in the Clyde. From Ailsa Craig to Greenock the sail up this river is a grand one, the scenery is magnificent, with the heather-clad hills on either side and the quiet snug looking little towns welcoming you at every bend of the river.

It was a refreshing sight to see the people on shore, and how eagerly we looked at the wide, smooth roads winding up the hillsides, which, from our position on the steamer, looked like beds of newly-laid asphalt. While these thoughts were running through our minds the tender was quickly approaching, and we soon found ourselves with our luggage on the pier at Greenock, awaiting an interview with that autocrat of modern civilization, the Custom House officer. After two hours spent in endeavoring to get hold of one of these individuals, we at last succeeded, persuaded him that we were quite harmless, and carried no contraband goods; so were allowed, with our belongings, to take the coach assigned us in the Glasgow train.

After getting placed in our first-class carriage, which admitted of six passengers, the others being three decidedly pretty young ladies who had come down to Greenock to meet us—or rather I should say to welcome some of the other passengers—we were informed that another half hour would have to be endured before our train departed. This was unpleasant news to tired travellers, but the inevitable was accepted; and at the invitation of an American gentleman, who, I believe was in the theatrical profession, as his valise showed to an astonished public the remarkable endorsement, in large, black letters, “E. L., The Boston Wonder” (we could never discover exactly where the “wonder” came in, but he was a thorough down-east Yankee). Peard repaired to the refreshment room with him, where they stayed the pangs of hunger with a couple of sandwiches that were old enough to have originally come from Chicago. The blushing maiden who poured their coffee, by way of a pleasantry, and seeing that they were from America, intimated that she had a cousin in the United States, and, no doubt wish-

ing to make them feel at home, asked if they knew her relation. She seemed surprised when they enquired if she could tell them the name of the town, and disappointment was plainly written upon her frank and open countenance when, in reply to her answer that she thought the place was either New York or Boston, they had to say, in accordance with Peard's early moulded principles, that they had not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance. We then happened upon that delusion connected with every railway station in Great Britain—the penny-in-the-slot weighing machine. Langley ventured his penny, and was amazed to see the jigger register about ten pounds below his normal weight. This had the effect of dampening the ardour of the other members of the party, so the chocolate tablet machine received the benefit of their patronage. By the time our resources had become exhausted in this way the train was ready to move, so we resumed our seats and were soon being whirled towards Paisley. We improved the passing moments by cultivating the acquaintance of our fellow passengers, who turned out to be

most charming young ladies. With their interesting chat, and Langley's merry flow of soul, we found ourselves in St. Enoch's Station at Glasgow almost before we were aware of the fact. Peard, with his usual good luck, had a package of letters handed him as he stepped from the train, but the rest of us had to be satisfied with the anticipation of what the post-office might have in store for us on the morrow. We had consulted our Cyclist's Touring Club guide book for our hotel accommodation, and took the first one on the list—the Bridge Street Hotel. My other friends have forgiven the proprietor of this house for his many shortcomings, so I will let that pass; but assuredly silence is golden in this instance, at all events. We unfortunately happened upon the wrong hostelry as the first experiment, suffered in silence for a time, then arose in our wrath, and spent the last day of our first visit in Glasgow at the Grand—a splendid house.

The day following our arrival it rained, and, so that we would not feel the absence of the sea too keenly, kind and generous nature gave way to her weeping propensi-

ties and favored us with copious showers every day during our visit in Glasgow. Before devoting any time to the many points of interest which may be advantageously seen in this fine old city, all went to inspect the mounts that were to carry us throughout the tour. Polite language fails to describe the epithets used by us (not excepting even Mr. McBride upon discovering from the representatives of the several companies that there were no bicycles awaiting us.

Poor old foggy, muddy, dirty Glasgow did provide us with a perfect morning of discontent following our first night in this ancient city. No bicycles; oh how we did yearn for the close proximity of Harry Davies and "Singer" Payne of London, Ontario; the latter's name suggests what its owner would have experienced if McBride (notwithstanding the gentle spirit which is characteristic of the man) had had a short interview with him. To facilitate matters, we engaged a special wire to Coventry and used it pretty thoroughly all day in awakening the comatose occupants of the several factor-

ies to the fact that we existed and were in the country, but they did not seem at all put out or surprised, and it was here we received our first lesson that it is absolutely useless to attempt to hurry a business house in England. Nothing will have any effect in expediting their movements; while they are very courteous and agreeable they will not be rushed, so we found out to our sorrow. After borrowing an umbrella to keep the damp atmosphere from totally obliterating the bright russet hue on Peard's shoes, we succeeded in reaching the State Steamship Co.'s office and secured our state-rooms for the return passage, which we were almost tempted to make by the next steamer in consequence of the depressed condition of our spirits, as a result of the absence of our machines which gave no promise of appearing for several days. We did not allow the clouds overhead or the vexatious circumstance of being imprisoned in Glasgow to keep our spirits at zero point for a very long period. We were now expecting some news of our friends Robinson and Stark who had preceded us, but to our surprise and disappointment, were

unable to glean any tidings of where they were or what plans they had made, beyond the fact of ascertaining from the Humber Company's representative that one of them had purchased a wheel from him.

In consideration of the combination of adverse circumstances—the continued rain and our afore-mentioned trials—we did not feel much like sight-seeing. However, we donned our rain protectors and sallied forth to see the grand old Cathedral, which is one of the finest productions of mediæval architecture to be found in Great Britain. But here, as in many of the other old churches throughout Europe, the ruthless hand of modern renovation has shown itself, yet the mind can still picture the scenes enacted within the various chapels during the days of the Reformation, and as we pass through the vaulted arches, listening to the tales of reminiscence connected with each particular window or tomb, we can almost imagine we hear the subdued music of the choir chanting a requiem over the death of one of Scotland's early heroes. Before leaving the Cathedral we ran across two ladies who had

crossed the ocean with us, and with the additional pleasure of their presence we continued our tour of investigation, passing over the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the churchyard with the cemetery, and found ourselves in Glasgow's city of the dead. With commendable forethought this cemetery has been laid out on one of the highest elevations of the city, and on a clear summer's day must be a spot of brightness and beauty; but, as the rain did not relax its aggressiveness even here, we hurried through, and on to the Asylum for the Blind, which lies quite close to the Cathedral. We were conducted over this interesting institution under the guidance of the matron, who was very kind, showing us the young women at their work of making brushes, which they do with marvellous dexterity, and also the two extremes: the old ladies contentedly sitting in their ward knitting away as though they never realized the absence of the most valuable of the senses, and the little children whose faces glowed with pleasurable pride when, in response to their teacher's direction, they successfully

pointed out to us some city, lake or river on the globe of raised material placed in front of them. We came out feeling very much more thankful for our blessings and privileges than we did before seeing the interior of this home.

Having so many preparations to make for our life on the road we postponed further sight-seeing until the return visit. We made a valuable friend in Mr. Mackenzie, the genial representative of the Rudge Company, and under his care the moments of waiting passed swiftly by. The first bicycle to file an appearance was Langley's, and he, impatient to be off and on the wheel, started for Edinburgh, Peard showing his appreciation of Mr. Mackenzie's friendship by borrowing a mount to accompany Langley a short distance, and breaking the tyre of the front wheel before he had travelled half a mile. While these items of interesting moment were being enacted, McBride was on his way to Coventry, considering that personal attention was the surest way of securing his bicycle. So Peard was left alone in Glasgow filling in his leisure moments by

meeting every train from Coventry, and on Saturday morning, five days after the party's arrival, he was rejoiced to see a 32-inch safety reposing on the top of a pile of bicycles. It was a pretty close connection; the party was due at the Scottish Cyclists Meet in Edinburgh that afternoon, and there was just a half hour left to join Mackenzie's party at St. Enoch's Station, but the big safety and its rider managed to get there with a moment or two to spare, and so ended the days of our tribulation.

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## CHAPTER II.

The ride in a railway carriage from Glasgow to Edinburgh is not as an enjoyable a method of seeing the picturesqueness of the country as the route which includes the splendid coach drive through the Trossachs, yet we were charmed with the sight which nature afforded us of the undulating fields covered with the first approach of vegetation, enclosed by the well-trimmed hedges, which take the place of the modern board fence, being certainly much more sightly, if not so practical. But our train has arrived at the Edinburgh Exhibition Station. After depositing a shilling as a guarantee of good faith, and as evidence of the appreciation we feel at being permitted to mingle with the joyous throng, we are within the grounds of the Exhibition, a fact brought home by the wearing sound of the roller coaster and pianoette which the combined efforts of the enterprising aliens, the American and Italian, have introduced into even the land where Rob Roy once disported.

We quickly found accommodation for our wheels, and were taken by Mr. Mackenzie to the shed which acted as a dressing-room for the racers, and really it is surprising that more adequate and comfortable quarters are not provided for the track riders who rest here during the interval between the several events; however, we believe these arrangements were merely temporary; for the sake of the racing members, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, we sincerely hope this was the case. The races were advertised to be run off early in the afternoon, but for some incomprehensible reason it was after four o'clock before the first event was commenced. Peard, safe in the guardianship of friend Mackenzie and C. T. C. Chief Consul David Laing, was enabled to fraternize with the nabobs of the day at the chalk line. Up to this time neither Langley nor McBride had appeared at the rendezvous, afterwards accounted for by the explanation that notwithstanding the fact was fully stated of their being cyclists and Canadians, such a recommendation did not prove a sufficiently creditable talisman to gain their

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admittance to the track, until good fortune brought them in contact with Mr. C. J. Sidey, a Canadian resident of Edinburgh, who formerly resided in Montreal, and whose influence gave them the coveted freedom of the place, and they with their Kodaks—which we have a deep-rooted conviction were at the bottom of the prejudice shown by the people, coupled to some extent with the luxurious growth of side whiskers worn by Langley—joined Peard within the track enclosure. The races of the day were interesting and well contested, although the Pneumatics—a novelty at that time—carried everything before them, and created considerable dissatisfaction among the solid tyre riders, the balloon tyre not being classed or handicapped at that period. It was a pleasant sight for McBride and Langley to see, in the country where the Safety is almost universally ridden, that the G. O. O. was not altogether overlooked, and the race won by Vogt, a Glasgow rider, was a splendid exhibition of pedal work. The only number on the programme that was really a novelty con-

sisted of what they appropriately called a character race. This was not a test of speed, but an exhibition of what should prove the most amusing "get up." Several ambitious wheelmen arrayed in the costume of the Chinaman, Spaniard, English "Bobby," etc., essayed to carry off the prize, but the desideratum was reached by a chap who imitated "Ally Sloper," mounted on an old dilapidated tricycle. This mythical person is dear to the heart of every small boy and reader of the penny weeklies in Great Britain, and is consequently much appreciated when portrayed in the flesh. During the afternoon we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. R. Shipton, the editor of the *C. T. C. Gazette*, and General Secretary of the Association. At the conclusion of the races we found it was nearly seven o'clock (this would seem a strange hour to conclude a meet in America), so merely taking a cursory glance at the exhibits, in company with our Glasgow friends we proceeded to our hotel. Edinburgh is called the Modern Athens, from its supposed resemblance to the old Grecian hamlet. We never have had the pleasure of

paying our respects to the Athenians in their own home, but if the ancient Athens was anything like its modern namesake, we are not surprised that its citizens remained in their homes, instead of emigrating to a possible Chicago. Riding down Princes Street towards the New Waverly Hotel, we first see the far-famed Castle, which stands on a precipitous rock over 300 feet above the valley below, and provides a sight which the most unromantic or *blasé* tourist cannot but look upon with wonder and interest. Princes Street is a handsome thoroughfare, skirted on the right by a continuous range of parks or gardens, in one of which stands the Scott Monument. McBride had secured our rooms at the New Waverly, which Langley soon told us was a temperance house, and after a truly Scotch supper, consisting mainly of the ever-present marmalade, we gave ourselves over to our correspondence. Our genial friend Laing would not permit us to spend the evening in the hotel, however, so we roamed around the quaint old streets of Lower Edinburgh until McBride and Langley had accumulated so much fatigue that they returned

to the hotel, Peard accepting the invitation of Mr. Laing to join the Glasgow party at the Garrick Club, where the balance of the evening was most pleasantly spent. Mr. Laing, besides holding the prominent position of Chief Consul of the C. T. C., is the General Manager of the Rudge Co. in Scotland, and he certainly did do his utmost to make our stay in Edinburgh pleasant. Sunday morning, between the incidental showers of rain, we visited Calton Hill, on the summit of which is Neison's Monument, and from which can be obtained an excellent view of Arthur's Seat, an enormous elevation over 800 feet above the level.

Sunday is a day most strictly observed in Scotland, particularly Edinburgh, and in consequence we could not obtain admittance to the interior of Nelson's Monument. What tourist visits Edinburgh without seeing St. Giles's cathedral? We were no exception to the rule and considered ourselves fortunate in having the privilege of attending the morning service which on this occasion was an unusually impressive one. St. Giles's was first erected in the thirteenth century and

was then known as the Cathedral of Edinburgh. John Knox ministered in this church, and it was here that James VI. took leave of the citizens when about to ascend the English throne. After the service had been concluded, and the last strains of the mighty organ had died away, we visited the crypt in which are the tombs of Regent Murray and Montrose. Passing from the old cathedral we returned to our hotel for luncheon, viewing on the way the exterior of the house in which Knox lived and died, upon which is the inscription, LOFE GOD ABOUE AL AND YOVR NICHTBOVR AS YI SELF. McBride and Langley had made their pilgrimage to the famous Forth Bridge the morning of the previous day, so Peard took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the leisure of the afternoon to have a quiet ride to this vast structure over a stretch of the most magnificent eight miles of road-bed it would be possible for the most imaginative cyclist to picture. The Forth Bridge is one of the marvellous monuments to the mechanical ingenuity and indomitable perseverance of the men of this generation. In consequence

of the heavy fog the view obtained of the Bridge was very imperfect, but enough was visible to impress the onlooker with the massiveness of the construction.

McBride and Peard, feeling that they had a good deal to atone for, hunted out a Methodist chapel in the evening and were rewarded by hearing a good old orthodox Wesleyan discourse, with the one exception, that the rev. gentleman seemed to deeply deplore the small salaries paid to dissenting clergymen in Scotland, so much so, in fact, that we were almost moved to suggest the advisability of his emigrating to Canada where of course he would be able to get this slight unpleasantness remedied, but on consideration we decided against awakening hopes that might be disappointed. Lounging in the coffee room of the Waverly, meditating on the events of our first Sunday in Scotland, and ruminating on the calamities of our Glasgow visit, we became more thoroughly impressed in the belief that notwithstanding the rain which was again coming down, we were having a very jolly time, and that if the sunshine should be able

to exercise its influence on the roads for a few hours in the morning, the continuation of our journey would be made at noon the next day under the most promising circumstances and without the necessity of other means of transport than the cycle.

The appearance of the clouds overhead did not impress us very favorably, as we made our final preparations for the start on Monday morning; still we were so desirous of getting off that nothing short of a regular deluge would have kept us in Edinburgh another night. While Peard was devoting a little time to the Glasgow cyclists, and having the mud-guards removed from his wheel to somewhat reduce its weight, McBride and Langley took advantage of the opportunity to visit the Castle, and were rewarded for their effort by the sun shining for a sufficient time to enable them to thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the sublime view obtainable from the summit of the tower. On entering the Castle proper we pass over what is known and supposed by many to be the moat, although the excavation was never used for this purpose, it being a creation of recent

years; in fact the Castle stands on too high an elevation to afford the possibility of it ever being supplied with enough water to boast of a moat. The Castle was on this occasion garrisoned by about twelve hundred soldiers, principally Highlanders, although these are frequently changed from time to time. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the memory of the late Mr. Nelson, who was the main instrument in effecting the restoration of Argyle Tower, under which we pass when entering the gateway, and which retains so many memories of the incarceration and suffering of the adherents to the House of Stuart. Passing hurriedly on—for the rain had now commenced to come down in right good earnest—we inspect Mons Meg, the six ton gun, which, as a result of an overdose of loyalty and powder, burst when firing a salute in honour of the Duke of York during a visit of his Highness to Edinburgh in 1682. Memories of good Queen Margaret came before us as we were shown the chapel of St. Margaret; who, although wedded to the semi-barbarous Malcolm Canmore, was a most pious woman,

beloved and idolized by her people. But I must not overlook the fact that this is not a resumé of historical events, but an attempt to record the doings of three very ordinary and distressingly modern mortals. Although the relentless rain had been falling with a persistency that perfectly appalled us, we were all ready to set off, and start we would. Probably good fortune admired our spirit of determination; but be that as it may, about noon the clouds broke away and good old Sol shone forth with as much strength and brilliancy as he is noted for doing when that much feared and at the same time revered preceptor of the small boy, James L. Hughes, bestrides his milk white charger and heads the Orangemen's procession on the Twelfth of July.

Although not as a rule given over to regrets, we sincerely believe that McBride did rue to some extent his selection of the ordinary, when in making the first mount, his saddle sought the ground, and in sympathy with the general result his handle bar became bent to such an extent that a visit to a neighboring repair shop was necessary before

the journey could be continued, or rather commenced I should say. As I have before remarked, considerable rain had fallen during the morning, and the thought did force itself upon the reserve of common sense monopolized by Peard, that, notwithstanding the assurance by the natives that the roads dried up in a marvellously short time—he was running too much risk of being overloaded with Scottish real estate, as a consequence of the mud on the highways. The fondest expectations of the party in this respect fell far short of the realization—but I am anticipating somewhat.

At two o'clock we were fairly on our way, soon losing sight of Edinburgh by a turn of the road, which also took us out of the route to Roslin Castle. We were sorry for this, and as it subsequently turned out we made a mistake in postponing seeing this old ruin until a later opportunity. The state of the road at this time was not conducive to pleasant riding and added to the fact that this was the first ride we had been able to take for a month or so, the whole of our first twelve miles was a continual ascent; so when

we arrived at Harriott, a village of two or three houses, with the junior member of the party in a badly exhausted condition from the absence of any soda fountains on the way, we were able to appreciate with boyish zest the delightful tea prepared for us by the good woman who kept the post-office, general store, and what appeared to be the only place of refreshment for weary travellers. How readily the picture of that first supper "on the road" rises before me; the table was laid for us in the "parlor," every article from the house itself to its smallest furnishing being of the most quaint description, and conveying a feeling of the quiet contentment of mind and simplicity of living indulged in by the good hearted inmates of the home. After an hour's rest at this delightful spot we continued our ride, taking as an objective point Galashiels, a run of sixteen miles, down hill most of the way—serving an agreeable change to the riding of the early part of the afternoon—brought us to the manufacturing town of Galashiels about nine o'clock, although at that hour it was almost as light as noon-day. Here we found

the best hotel—the Royal—and the most obliging and courteous proprietor of any house met with during our tour, his untiring efforts to please being specially appreciated by Peard, whose outer garments by this time were almost indistinguishable for mud. After some refreshment and a good rest we saw some of the large linen manufactories for which this town is noted, until eleven o'clock and the sudden approach of twilight reminded us that we were very weary and that recuperation would be necessary for the continuation of our journey on the morrow.

When the penetrating rays of the bright morning sun awoke us to consciousness we felt just the same way every cyclist does who has been employing three weeks in abject idleness, and then mounts a wheel and rides till he is in that condition that a man finds himself when he accepts the invitation of a country friend, and spends his vacation on the farm, and is initiated by his host into the mysteries of the modern barn-raising bee, or some energetic physical recreation of a similar nature. We were rather—well, we felt slightly stiff, and none of us appeared to be

in any hurry to finish our breakfast and desert the entertaining proprietor of the Royal Hotel. The prospective delights of Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford were sufficient inducements to get us a-wheel again about ten o'clock, and we very soon were told by the friendly finger posts, which exist at almost every cross-road in Great Britain, that we were nearing Melrose, that sublime old ruin which now is but the semblance of what was once a mighty church. The 17th of June, the day we were there, was a glorious one, and as we entered the gate which protects the entrance to the ground, and saw the sunlight casting its beams through the roofless ruin, we could imagine something of the inspiration which prompted Sir Walter Scott to immortalize this creation of the twelfth century. We occupied a great deal of the morning listening to our old guide, who had the legends of King David, Edward II. and Robert of Bruce learned to perfection. The Abbey was destroyed at the time of the Reformation, and for some years was not taken care of; this in a measure explains its present dilapidated condition. We were able

to obtain some splendid views with our Kodaks, one of which consisted of the party ranged around the tomb of Michael Scott, the wizard ; he was such a naughty old man in his day and generation we did not consider ourselves desecrating any memories of the past in so doing. A beautiful sight in comparison with the old ruins, monuments and inscriptions to the dead within, were the beautiful roses which, permeated with the beauty and fragrance of life, entirely covered the outer wall of the Abbey.

After paying our respects to the proprietor of the adjacent hostelry we mounted our wheels and started for Sir Walter Scott's old home. Langley, in the goodness of his heart, intuitively feeling that we required some mild incentive to merriment, took a header at this juncture, and in his frantic endeavor to avoid closer relationship with the little wheel of his machine served to make the other "ordinary" rider wish that his choice had been a "dwarf," and the propeller of the Safety to experience the feeling that notwithstanding his lack of progressiveness when a hill was met with the little bike

was still the more sensible selection. By the time these ideas had made a lasting impression in our largely developed receptacle used for the retention of brilliant thoughts, we were skimming along over the hard gravel roads, girded by high green hedges, over which we could just see the fields beyond. The distance to the old home of the "great enchanter of the North" is but three miles from Melrose, so we had soon deposited our wheels with the keeper at the gate, inscribed our names in the visitors' book, which, by the way, is an interesting volume to peruse, and gained admittance to the interior of Abbotsford by payment of the ever necessary shilling. Our guide first took us to the Armory, where we were shown various wonderfully constructed munitions of war; the sight of which made us rather content with nineteenth century existence. The most interesting room of the house is the one into which we were next shown—the library; here we saw the chair used by Sir Walter, the desk he wrote at, and his collection of books, numbering about 20,000 volumes. The drawing room, adjoining the

library, the windows of which overlook the Tweed, is a most magnificent chamber, filled with the tokens of affection borne for Sir Walter by the people of his day and generation. Here we were shown the cross which Mary Queen of Scots carried to her execution, a brooch of Helen McGregor's and the purse used by Rob Roy. These are but a few of the interesting relics of departed celebrities that were shown us here. It seems strange that the present owners of Abbotsford do not honor the memory of the great literary genius who was once its master, by employing a guide that can speak the Queen's English even to a moderate degree of proficiency, the absence of any familiarity with the rudiments of grammar shown by the man who conducted us through the premises was very marked, and seemed decidedly paradoxical.

The sleepy old river Tweed in its circuitous course touches the grounds of Abbotsford, and keeps close to the road we travelled over all the way to Selkirk. Dinner was indulged in at Selkirk, but as we were anxious to reach Moffat that night we did not make a long

stay there. We had only traversed a few miles when a rain storm prevented progress for another hour, and after the rain came the wind, and it did blow directly in our faces with so much force that it was with difficulty we got along at all, and to make our travelling still more difficult the hills seemed to multiply, and to be always in front of us with no reverse side. After about five hours of as heavy pedalling as we ever experienced, St. Mary's Loch was reached; the town does not amount to anything, but the little lake nestling at the foot of the hills, itself several hundred feet above the surrounding country, was a sight we shall never forget. Just on the border of the loch and at the summit of a high hill stands a summer hotel, and it was here in the recess of the large bay window of the house we had our supper. I must say we rather envied the guests, the house being so full we could not obtain the accommodation we desired for the night, so, with the assurance that our road to Moffat lay for the balance of the way down hill, we continued on. Riding swiftly along with the setting sun before us we could fully appreciate the perfect pano-

rama of mountainous scenery through which we were passing. On either side of the road towered the heather-clad hills, possessing not a vestige of life save the sheep which here and there were grazing. A few miles of magnificent riding brought us to the Grey Mare's Tail, a rather precipitous descent of over a mile. Why it is given this peculiar sobriquet I was never able to discover, but at all events the coast to be obtained going *down* was beyond description ; we felt pleased, however, that our return journey would not include the surmounting of this little elevation. Another hour's ride brought us to our destination ; with some little effort we succeeded in arousing the inmates of the C. T. C. hotel, and were soon blissfully dreaming of the events of the day.

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### CHAPTER III.

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Our next day's experience was a peculiar yet pleasant one. McBride had some friends he wished to see in Moffat, so we did not leave the town until almost noon; but as we were feeling in good riding form and the distance to Carlisle being only about thirty-five miles, we expected to be in England within three or four hours. The road was good and we were spinning merrily along, when, almost within the space of half-an-hour, a storm came up—one of the energetic kind, and we were forced to give up, after riding for a few miles in the rain, hoping that the downpour would cease. After crossing a miniature bridge which spanned a little stream, we came to a house which we noticed contained a few jars of candy in the window, together with some other articles of merchandise, so we concluded we might risk asking for shelter and refreshment. Leaving our wheels under the shelter of a couple of mammoth elms and

additionally protected by our waterproof capes, we entered the house and were given seats by the large, open fireplace. Under the influence of the warmth emitted by the pine knots which lay crackling and blazing within the hearth, our clothing soon became dry, and we were made additionally comfortable by an unlimited quantity of milk being placed at our disposal. We very soon decided that we were prisoners for the afternoon, as our new friends assured us we were in for a few hours of thorough Scotch mist. The circumstance of our detention resulted in a gratifying experience as we were treated in such a kindly manner by Mr. and Mrs. Murphie, in whose house we had taken refuge, that our few hours delay at Johnston Bridge was more than a pleasant incident in the journey. We found Mr. Murphie a hale, hearty, old Scotch gentleman, full of anecdotes connected with the country. Remarking on the vigor with which the rain came down, he went on to tell us of a storm he remembered seeing years ago, before the railroad was built and when all travelling was done by coach over

the turnpike roads, how that on one occasion, when the stage was on its way from Moffat to Selkirk, a most terrific snow storm came on with so much force and violence, accompanied by such intense cold, that the two guards, who happened to be the only occupants, were frozen to death, and the coach completely enveloped in snow, the occurrence was only immediately discovered by the mail bags having been hung on the top of the poles placed to mark the road in those days. This story seemed still more strange, as in this part of Scotland very little snow falls at any time.

What a jolly afternoon we did have with our hospitable Scotch friends! An early supper was given us, consisting of marmalade, delicious cream, and tea as it only can be made in Scotland; this we found in honor of our advent was laid in the parlor, and upon entering the room we were pleasantly surprised to see a piano, an instrument not often run across in the rural homes of Great Britain; this discovery was too good an opportunity to miss. So, after we had done ample justice to the appetizing viands spread

before us, we mentioned to our hostess that we had an impressario in our midst in the person of Peard, who probably if sufficiently pressed would favor the company with an exhibition of his musical genius. With that ready acquiescence resulting from an unsatisfied craving of several days' duration, our friend of the safety, sat down before the piano and went through his complete repertoire, including one or two encores, the family seeming to appreciate the selections; well, they of course had never heard of his masterly touch before, nor did they enjoy the ripe old friendship that existed between ourselves and the classic airs our friend was familiar with. After our attention had become somewhat diverted from the entertainment of the moment, we realised that the clouds were clearing away, disclosing the sun sinking in a wealth of golden beauty, reminding us that we should again continue our journey, but at our earnest solicitation, before taking our departure, Mr. Murphie and one of his daughters sang for us "The Auld Hause" in true Scotch style. Taking with us many a good wish expressed for our safe and

enjoyable journey, we said good bye to our kind entertainers, feeling as we rode away with their well wishes ringing in our ears that oftentimes the most generous hearted and genuine friends are to be found in the most unlikely places.

Thirty-one miles constituted the distance we had to cover before reaching our hotel at Carlisle; so we made the best of our time after leaving Johnston Bridge at seven o'clock and passed through without any particular incident, but the rapid pace we were making and the muddy state of the roads had the effect of giving us a pretty thorough coating of mud. When we passed through famous Gretna Green we were inclined to remain over until daylight should give us an opportunity of viewing this romantic spot, but not a light was visible in any of the dwellings, and we rode on into what we believed was good old England. The few remaining miles to Carlisle were soon covered, and, although at first we experienced trouble in ascertaining the whereabouts of the Viaduct hotel, with the assistance of a couple of the inhabitants of

the town who desired to be very friendly, we located our resting place, and spent a short time before retiring in reading the letters which awaited us here.

A good long rest after the heavy ride of the previous day and a rather cursory inspection of this border town made our departure from Carlisle occur at about noon. Our course lay through a hilly country and we had our old friend the head wind with us again, still these little difficulties only added zest to the thorough enjoyment of the beauties provided by nature which meet us at every turn—running along a road with surface as even as asphalt, surrounded on either side by the luxuriant green hedges, the monotony of the never changing color being broken here and there by the roses in full bloom, swiftly passing the fields of wheat in which the red poppies nodded their pretty heads as if contrasting their beauty and brightness with the less pretentious but more stable cereals surrounding them, riding quickly beside a tiny stream from the banks of which we observe the patient angler casting his fly for the unwary trout, which oftentimes

proveth itself more wary than its would-be destroyer. Ever and anon our circuitous road leads us through the labyrinths of some forest, and as we glide along the stillness unbroken; save by an occasional bon-mot from the irrepressible Langley, the effect of which would cause a frightened pheasant to half fly, half run across the highway followed quickly by half a dozen tiny rabbits skurrying across the road into the under-growth as though we were late editions of the Bunting family. While we had been ruminating on the various phases of country scenery, the hours were slipping by and we gradually found ourselves approaching the famous lakes, one of England's most beautiful districts. We reached a cosy little summer resort on the Derwentwater in time for supper, after which we had a four mile ride to Keswick. This quaint old town is surrounded on all sides by mountains and is noted throughout all England for its magnificent environs which tend to make it a most desirable point for summer residence. The next morning Peard thought his machine was hardly light enough to run up the

side of the various hills that greeted the eye on every side, so he bought a copy of *Tid-Bits* and *Ally Sloper* and took the train for Kendal, the other two gentlemen continuing on the hot and dusty way with unabated vigor. Our party was united again at Kendal, and, although Messrs. McBride and Langley were pretty well used up after the heavy pull between Keswick and Kendal, we ran off another twenty-two miles over excellent roads and found ourselves early in the evening entering Lancaster.

This place, in contrast to the towns we had recently visited, seemed literally alive with people; the streets were crowded. In enquiring at the C.T.C hotel we were told no accommodation could be had there, and then learned that the extraordinary excitement noticeable in the people, and the gala appearance of the town, was due to the notable fact that the county regiments were then in camp just on the outskirts of Lancaster, and the people of the surrounding country had come in to watch the warlike evolutions of their militia. We were more fortunate in our next effort to secure a resting place, and

were soon revelling in a thoroughly English supper in a cosy little parlor at the Rialton hotel. In Lancaster, to a person unacquainted with the city, there is nothing of interest to record. It is one of the busy centres which does not seem to be materially affected by the rather close proximity of Manchester. This was Friday night, and as we were anxious to make Manchester, a distance of fifty-two miles, as early next day as possible, we did not spend much time in interviewing the citizens, but sought our couches at an early hour. Saturday was a bright, clear day, all that could be desired for cycling purposes, but, notwithstanding our determination to make an early start, it was ten o'clock before the thread of our journey was resumed. With a fine road through a level stretch of country, and, marvelous as it may seem, Peard set a pretty good pace to Preston, attracted, no doubt, by the inborn loyalty which was prominently brought to our minds, as Lord Stanley's seat is at this point. In fact, from our observations, I should say our Canadian Governor pretty well owns the town. Langley was feeling in a progressive mood at this

juncture, and his hungry companions could not prevail upon him to dine even in the town, where Canada's potentate has his residence during the intervals of rest he enjoys between the periods of time he devotes to supervising the interests of the various colonies. Nine miles farther on we came to the funny little village of Charley. This is a true specimen of a Lancashire town; here all the children and a great many of the adults were to be seen wearing the leather and wooden clogs with a plate of iron on the bottom edge of the sole, and, what is more remarkable, they seemed to consider them quite comfortable too.

Brother Langley's appetite having assumed its normal condition by this time, we looked around for the hotel, but were informed, at the leading house for the accommodation of weary travelers, that on Saturday no dinner was served. Regrets were indulged in by some of us that this necessary part of the program had not been attended to earlier, but with a little effort we located a coffee house opposite the market place and had some refreshment. We will not dwell on the

bill of fare, but we received sufficient sustenance to start us on our way to Manchester. Shortly after leaving Charley, we began to see the indications which mark the approach to a great city ; this was made very realistic when after passing through the pretty town of Bolton, where so many of Manchester's fine suburban residences are, we found that the road covering the remaining twelve miles to our destination was entirely of stone set pavement. Our condition on arriving at the Ingham hotel on Charlton St. can better be imagined than described.

We had forwarded a change of raiment for each of us, addressed in the care of the shipping agents, Messrs. Wingate and Johnston, at Manchester. We wired them in the afternoon to send the valise to our hotel, but, as luck would have it, the office was closed when the message arrived, so we were obliged to retire without the prospect of giving our knickers one day's rest. Whether this was the cause or not I would not like to vouch for, but Peard did not put in an appearance until 2 p.m. on Sunday, and he averred he slept every moment of the time. McBride

had arisen with the lark and had represented the party at church. Where Langley was all that day, is an unsolved mystery. I should imagine that Manchester, judging from an acquaintance of only one day's duration, would be a very pleasant place for residence, more so than the majority of English cities aside from London. It is most energetic, progressive, and withal combines beauty with harmonious quiet and refinement, more noticeable here than in the mining regions of England. Although intending to make an early start Monday morning we were delayed until the afternoon. Remembering our experience with the roads in the immediate vicinity of Manchester coming into the city, we wisely decided on taking the train to Buxton, twenty-five miles distant. Arriving there we found ourselves once more in a hilly, but certainly beautiful, country. We took Derby as our objective point for the day and pushed on, up and down hill, with nature's panorama affording us new interest at every turn. Late in the afternoon we came to Haddon Hall connected with which are so many romantic memories. We

spent a half-hour here going over the ancient building, and hearing the tales of reminiscence volunteered by our guide. We experimented here with the Kodaks, trusting that the light was sufficiently strong to give some of our films the opportunity of retaining for us an impression of the Hall and its surroundings. We reached the Derwent House at Derby just in time to escape a thorough wetting, the rain having again decided to visit us.

Without waiting to investigate the points of interest in Derby, we resumed the road at an early hour the following morning, and soon experienced an amount of heat from the morning sun which gave promise of a day of warm riding. Passing through a very ordinary and uninteresting stretch of country we arrived at Lichfield in time for dinner ; we repaired to the C. T. C. hotel and partook of *table d'hôte* dinner which was just ready. The repast was a very fair one, but when we got our bill ! well, we were afforded a surprise. When one of our number intimated to the proprietress that we had no immediate intention of taking up our residence with her

for a week, and had such a philanthropic idea occurred to us we did not care to pay our bill in advance, she seemed somewhat pained, and with an expression of serene beneficence on her countenance told us that the amount was in payment of our dinner. The day was too hot for argument, so we settled our indebtedness to the fair hostess of the hotel, and sallied forth to calm our perturbed state of mind by visiting the grand old cathedral. In all the churches and cathedrals seen on our tour, I do not know one that impressed me more in respect to architectural magnificence (with the exception of the Notre Dame in Paris) than that of Lichfield. We were successful in obtaining some excellent pictures of this old church with our cameras, and, as the cathedral was the one point of attractive interest in the town, we spent no further time there, McBride and Peard taking the road for Coventry and Langley leaving for Willenhall, where he had some business to transact.

## CHAPTER IV.

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It is not probable we will ever forget that ride to Coventry. Existence in the Sahara Desert would, it seemed to us that afternoon, be only a circumstance compared to the heat we experienced in these few hours' ride under the burning sun. Ever and anon we would stop for a few minutes at some friendly wayside inn to quench our thirst with a home-brewed "cordial," then riding on over another stretch of country, only to find ourselves all the warmer for our recent refreshment. We were buoyed up, however, with the knowledge that there is an end to everything, and as the shades of evening began to throw their shadows across our path, we were informed by our silent yet truthful friends, the mile-stones, that we were nearing the ancient town of Coventry, noted for its historical reminiscences, and as the birth-place of the majority of our modern bicycles.

Just a few miles out of Coventry we passed through a little hamlet that was enjoying a

veritable fête day in the old fashioned way. The travelling showman was there with his wagon, the wonder of wonders to the children gathered about, who absorbed the pleasures that they could long look back upon with delight. At this point the road was so blocked by people who were enjoying themselves according to their notion of enjoyment, that we were obliged to dismount and push our machines with some little difficulty through the throng; this scene of festivity passed, we arrived at a tremendous hill, that was not ridden by all the party, and then we were on the direct road to Coventry, distant only about four miles. We were soon made aware of the fact that we were approaching a centre where bicycles were not novelties, as we passed riders on every conceivable kind of wheel, although the Safety was then beginning to secure its foothold; and we noticed that coming down through England, the nearer we arrived to the cycle manufacturing centres, the less the ordinary was to be seen.

We were joined by a rider shortly before reaching the town; he was one of the class

of Englishmen that kind fortune has but occasionally placed in our way, exhibiting his sympathy for the poor Colonists, who are compelled by circumstances to reside in Canada, or America, as every one over there calls our country. When we remarked on the lack of attention shown visiting wheelmen by the ordinary run of English cyclers (although I am pleased to testify to a great many exceptions to this class), he was highly indignant, insisting that the every-day English cyclist was the most companionable, hospitable, pains-taking fellow to be found in wheeldom. We admired his self-satisfied persistency, and looked forward to a pleasant evening in Coventry under his guidance. This expectation was heightened when he asked what hotel we proposed stopping at. We told him, and just after getting to the outskirts of the town, with more expressions of disdain at the opinion we had given in a moment of rashness, and again assuring us of our error of judgment, gave us the direction to our hotel and left us. We could not but make the comparison in our minds of how differently an American or Canadian

cycler would have used a Continental tourist on this side of the water. We were soon safely ensconced in the comfortable Queen's Hotel, which, after the wearisome ride of the day, seemed a veritable haven of refuge.

We had the historian of the party repeat the legend of Lady Godiva with which almost every one is familiar, and then on our way to the Rudge factory, viewed the effigy of Peeping Tom, that early martyr to the cause of curiosity. We were told that some of the wall surrounding the city in the time of Richard II. was still standing, but as our time was limited, we chose the portion of Coventry that particularly interested us, and went at once to the region of the cycle manufacturing. Armed with a letter of introduction to the manager of the Rudge works, we made our first visit there. Our approach to the office was barred by a military looking individual in full regulation uniform, who very cordially deigned to address us without the medium of a subordinate, and asked our business. It was the matter of a moment's hesitation with us, whether our continental passport would not be required as

well as our introductory letter, to gain admittance to the manager's presence. The functionary left us standing in the court, and, after a long time of waiting, returned and bade us follow. Giving the pass word to enable us to get through numerous passages with the legend "no admittance" on as many doors, we were ushered into a hall-way, and after more waiting, were gladdened with the sight of one of the counting-house staff. He treated us with as much civility as he could muster to his assistance, and sent us through the works in the charge of one of the under boys, who appeared to know less about the various mechanical contrivances than we did. Having received such a frigid reception from the reputed foremost manufacturers, we had but little inclination to further investigate the cycle industry. McBride desired to see the Singer people respecting some alteration to his wheel, so we accompanied him. This company has not, as some are inclined to imagine, any connection with the American sewing machine company of the same name. Their present works are comparatively new, and they are constantly adding additional

buildings, as the requirements of their business demand—their system being to keep the various departments in different buildings, when such is feasible. Our reception here was quite a contrast to our last call. A great deal of trouble was taken by the gentleman who received us, and every detail of construction employed in the bicycle was illustrated and patiently explained to us. We left the Singer Co.'s office impressed with a very different idea of British business hospitality and amiability than the conviction we carried with us to the same establishment. I merely mention these two experiences to give the reader some idea of the firm having all the business it can handle, and consequently so independent, that it evidences a manner of independence too pronounced, compared with which is the corporation of, possibly, equal wealth and out-put, but having that grace of manner as one of its constituents, which marks the individual who is always ready to extend a courtesy, even if no immediate results of advantage are perceptible.

Our inclinations prompted us to remain several days in Coventry, but we were be-

ginning to realize that the days were passing with considerable rapidity, so, after being delayed several hours waiting for Langley to rejoin us, we bade farewell to the pleasant associations connected with our short sojourn in old Coventry, and started on to Kenilworth. Owing to some unfortunate and unavoidable delays it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we left Coventry, and shortly after our start rain began to fall, which necessitated a considerable stop at Kenilworth. Our first impression on seeing the famous Castle was one of disappointment, but when we entered the gate in the north wall and had the vision of the full magnificence of these historic ruins before us, we could thoroughly appreciate the feeling of interest which Cæsar's tower and Mervyn's tower creates in the minds of the thousands of people who visit Kenilworth, added to which is the romance connected with Sir Walter Scott's immortalization. We experienced a feeling of regret in not being able to enter Leicester's Gatehouse; this building is a portion of the castle, but is tenanted, consequently visitors are not permitted to enter, which, to us at

least, was an intense aggravation. After our inspection of the castle we returned to a little inn just across the way, where we rested our bicycles and had a jolly supper composed of tea, bread and butter and jam ; it was on the *ad libitum* plan, and I am sure that one member of our party surprised the good hostess by the quantity of tea that he showed himself capable of drinking, but when we casually mentioned that we were from America, all little peculiarities of this kind were overlooked. I do not know if the good women who were endeavoring to sell little baskets of strawberries in front of the castle are still plying their vocation, but if they are, it will be worth any tourist's time to interrogate these individuals for a few moments. The attributed energy of the Niagara hackmen is not to be compared to the persistence shown by these good English dames in their efforts to dispose of their wares. Not until we had put forward the plea that our funds were exhausted did they cease their endeavors to load us down with berries at the rate of about six pence each.

The scenery as observed from the highway between Kenilworth and Warwick is something beyond description. This is one of the most popular drives in England, and should be taken by everybody who has the opportunity of passing through this delightful region. The distance from Kenilworth to Warwick is about five miles, and, travelling over a stretch of excellent road-bed it did not take us long to reach the village in which the famous Warwick Castle is situated. We were somewhat fearful, as it was now about six o'clock, that we would be unable to gain admittance to the castle, and this surmise proved to be well grounded, as we were informed by the gate-keeper at the main entrance that no visitors were permitted to enter after five p.m., so that our recollection of this historic edifice is simply the view obtained from the bridge which is crossed by the road leading to Stratford. It will always be a matter of regret to us that time did not permit our remaining over and viewing the interior of Warwick.

When we arrived at Stratford-on-Avon, the same disappointment met us there, as

the evening was so far advanced that we could not see the inside of the house in which Shakespeare was born. We made a vigorous effort to be shown through the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, but this pleasure was also denied. There is one good point about sight-seeing in England and in Europe—you are always sure of finding the churches open at any hour of the day or evening, so we went from the Memorial building to Holy Trinity, feeling assured that we would at least be able to view the tomb wherein lie the earthly remains of the world's greatest dramatist. Holy Trinity is a typical old English church, beautifully situated back from the roadway, surrounded by a grove of towering oaks, and having the Avon flowing within a few feet of its chancel windows. When we visited the church there were extensive alterations being made to its interior, which, while the renovators are endeavoring to retain as much of its old grandeur as possible, will, we think, look too modern to be in keeping with its historical associations. Aside from the interest created in Stratford by its claim to the proud distinction of being made famous by

William Shakespeare's genius, it is one of the prettiest towns in England, built up as it is on both sides of the Avon, with excellent carriage drives, natural beauty of scenery, and general desirability of location, I do not know of any inland country town that is better adapted and situated for a sojourn of pleasure than Stratford-on-Avon. Here we were permitted to meet and talk with a real live lord. We were riding along a road in the vicinity of the river, and overtaking a gentleman walking on the footpath, it occurred to us to ask him some questions in reference to a part of the landscape that was attracting our attention. He gave us the information we desired and which developed into a conversation lasting some few minutes; we left him with a feeling that he was certainly a very pleasant and courteous gentleman. Returning by the same road a few minutes later in company with a newly-made cycling acquaintance, we again met our friend, and, after giving and receiving a friendly nod, our companion of the wheel said, "Why that is Lord So-and-so; how ever did you make his acquaintance?" We

hardly knew whether to feel flattered or annoyed at this last remark. We retired that night by candle-light, in one of the quaintest and yet most comfortable little inns which we came across in all our travels in England. We were attracted to it by its proximity to the river and a large size unicorn which reposed above its door heralding the name of the hostelry.

In consequence of our being considerably behind schedule time, we next morning forsook the wheel and made a jump by rail to Kidderminster. This town is the centre of the carpet manufacturing industry, and we employed a very instructive day there going through the extensive works of E. Hughes & Sons. We were shown every detail of carpet manufacture, from the flax in its primitive state, to the luxurious and elegant piece of Wilton, fresh from the loom. After this exhaustive inspection of Messrs. Hughes' warehouse, we spent no further time in Kidderminster, but took to our wheels again, covering a beautiful stretch of fourteen miles to Worcester, and as we desired to reach Bristol that same evening, we again resorted

to the railroad, and soon found ourselves in the Talbot Hotel at Bristol. Early the following morning—which was the 27th of June, we started out with the good intention of reaching some point in Devonshire before night fall, but our old associate, the head wind, interfered with our plans, and created such a gale that after covering six miles we were obliged to make for Flaxbourton, the nearest station, and again take to the rail. This being a small station we were obliged to avail ourselves of a local train which only carried us as far as Weston-on-Sea, but before we left this seaside resort, we were well pleased that circumstances had combined to make us spend two hours at what might be called a somewhat modified edition of Coney Island.

## CHAPTER V.

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Western-Super-Mare is not to be found in many of the guide books, which enumerate the desirable English seaside resorts, but it is certainly a delightful place. The tide was out during the time of our short stay, so we were denied the privilege of a dip in the ocean ; but we interested ourselves in riding along the sea-wall, taking snap shots here and there with our cameras, availing ourselves of the numerous catchpenny amusements to be found on the sands, and at last taking train for Exeter, glad that the short delay had given us the chance of becoming somewhat acquainted with Western-on-Sea. Devonshire cream and strawberries occupied a prominent place in our minds as we pushed our bicycles up the steep hill which leads from the railway station to the town of Exeter. We were a pretty hungry party as we sat down to partake of our supper at this old-fashioned Devonshire house, and our refreshment at this point was food certainly

fit for the gods. A gentleman who was touring through the country *on foot* was stopping at the hotel, and from him we learned of the hills we would meet with in this picturesque country. We wished to reach Tavistock that night, believing the distance between the two places did not exceed eighteen or twenty miles, so immediately commenced our journey in company with a scorcher from Manchester, a young man who was in the habit of making a century daily, but, unfortunately, knew as little about the lay of the land as ourselves. We rode on and on, climbing one hill six miles out from Exeter which, we were afterwards told, was six miles in length. We had no hesitancy in believing this; but while our ascent was laborious, imagine our run down the gradual slope on the other side! Our friend of recent acquaintance, who was so familiar with hundred mile scorches, employed us pretty well in keeping him within hailing distance, but we were totally paralyzed when we arrived at a town we thought to be Tavistock, and which was Newton Abbott, a village situated in a totally different quarter of

the country from where we desired to go. We simply made a few courteous remarks about the party who had given us directions, and repaired, for the first time in our trip, to the consul of the C.T.C. We ascertained from this gentleman our proper route and, after bidding farewell to our Manchester cyclist, started off early the following morning towards the south. Our stay in Devon was uneventful, we each having friends with whom we visited, consequently for a few days our paths diverged. Our little band was to proceed on its way from Plymouth on Tuesday, July 1, but the delights of rural life in Devon were too much for one of us, and it was not until Shaftesbury was approached that our party was complete once more. Plymouth is a typical old English seaport town. We were fortunate in being able to see one of the old men-of-war sailing vessels which are so indelibly associated with Kingston's tales of nautical adventure. We spent a whole day wandering about the Hoe, poking around the old wharves, and pressing the button here and there on some specially good subject. We attended our

first theatrical performance in Great Britain here (McBride, of course, was not with us at this time), being favored with a trying production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Torquay, about thirty-five miles from Plymouth, was our next stopping place. This is probably the most beautiful seaport town on the south coast of England. Its towering cliffs, magnificent residences, and salubrious climate, making it a most popular resort. We were endeavoring to overtake the contingent ahead of us, so the moments given over to rest and sustenance were very brief this day. Our route took us over the same hill we encountered when first entering Devon, and we also passed through Exeter, taking time to see the cathedral built in the Eleventh Century. Honiton, the village where the lace that bears this name is manufactured, was hurriedly passed through, and we found ourselves, at the end of the day, in Stockton, a small hamlet eighty-three miles from Plymouth. We learned, early next morning, that our progressive brethren were only a short distance ahead of us, and at Shaftesbury, early in the evening, our party was

completed by the arrival of the rear-guard. The incidents of this day were numerous; McBride feeling that the daily monotony of riding was growing irksome without some excitement, and also, no doubt, with a view of refilling his coffers with gold on his return to Canada, took a very graceful header late in the afternoon and arrived in Shaftesbury with one arm entirely incapacitated, and looking as though the dust on the surface of the roads had taken him into its confidence. As a result of all this some poor accident insurance company suffered to the extent of a number of dollars. Peard lost all this gratuitous enjoyment by being obliged to travel sixteen miles off from the main road to Templecombe, a railroad junction, to which he had had his mail forwarded, but it was a journey well taken, as here was found a communication from the long-anticipated fourth member of the party in the shape of a one-cent Canadian postal card, with a message thereon, written in lead pencil, to the effect that the voyager was about to start on his journey across the Atlantic, and hoped to meet us soon in London. We inferred from

the extra postage we had to pay on this missive and its general "get up" that McLean was making a hurried departure.

Notwithstanding the fun we had out of McBride's mishap, the injury proved to be a painful, if not serious one; and it seemed so, absurd to us that evening in Shaftesbury, when, after repeated efforts, we learned that none of the few drug stores—or apothecary shops as they are called over there—were open after six o'clock. The fourth of July was the day following, but as McBride had already celebrated our American cousins' national holiday the day previous, we did not feel obligated to uphold our reputation for being "Americans" by wearing miniature flags bearing the emblem of liberty. It was a question with McBride whether he would be able to continue the journey a-wheel, in consequence of the soreness and stiffness which now made itself felt as a result of his accident, but as he was early in life presented with a considerable allowance of pluck and perseverance—for which circumstance he cannot of course be censured—he would make the attempt, and with some

little occasional assistance he got along famously. We left Shaftesbury late in the morning, arriving at Wilton for dinner, starting from thence immediately for Stonehenge. We only had a ride of seven miles to this place, but it seemed to us when we came within sight of the Druidical remains that we had been transported to another hemisphere. The immense rocks of Stonehenge are situated in what appeared to us to be a huge wilderness, the idea being more forcibly impressed upon us, no doubt, for the reason that the heavens were clouded, giving a grey, weird appearance to the country as well as the immense stones upon which the Druids used to offer their sacrifices. How incongruous it occurred to us to see our bicycles resting upon these huge boulders, which, if they could speak, would be able to give utterance to such wonderful tales of centuries ago. The threatening rainstorm hastened our movements, and we were soon on our wheels again spinning along over the perfect gravel road towards Amesbury. The rain maintained its record and came down with such vigor that night that we did not leave

the little village of Amesbury until well on towards noon the following day. We were a good deal less than one hundred miles from London at this time and getting very anxious to reach the metropolis ; so, as the sky again threatened rain, we decided to end the suspense, and train the rest of the distance to the city. By the time we reached Euston station we realized the wisdom of resorting to the railroad to enter London ; it is a much different thing riding into a city the size of London on a bicycle, and taking the train in ; especially when you know nothing of the various entrances. We had arranged to go to Burr's hotel in Queen Square, but when we arrived there the ubiquitous host informed us that his available accommodation was limited to two rooms, so, Peard having loitered by the way, McBride and Langley ensconced themselves in these quarters. A letter from McLean, awaiting them here, bore the welcome news that he had been in London some days, so might be momentarily expected to drop in ; this he did just before the rider of the safety appeared upon the scene. We were more

than delighted to see our friend McLean and welcome him to the fellowship of our little band. McLean was established at the Waverley, King St., Cheapside, so temporarily we had to separate again, Peard casting in his lot with "Donald" at the Waverley. Well we remember entering McLean's room and noting with delight the packet of letters that awaited us, but we were little prepared for the news that met our eye on opening the first envelop. It seemed only yesterday—when reading the account of our valued friend Ed. Coates' sudden death—that we had the conversation with him which resulted in his again joining the Toronto Bicycle Club, and to think that now he was gone without a word, it seemed too terrible, too sudden. A quiet unassuming fellow, yet manly and true to a degree was Edward Coates', and it will always be esteemed a privilege by the writer to feel that he was one of those who enjoyed the friendship of such an example of manly uprightness and purity.

## CHAPTER VI.

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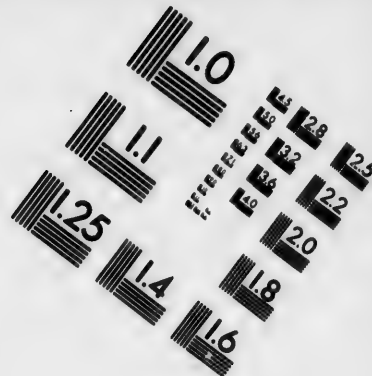
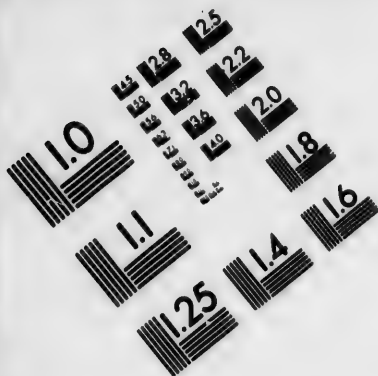
Good old London ! what pleasant memories come back to us as we think of the many delightful days spent within thy gates ! Ten days, full of incident and adventure, were wiled away by us in the great capital before we began to realize that, to see anything of the continent, the thread of our journey would soon have to be resumed. It would be an act of presumption for the writer to endeavor with his feeble pen to picture with any degree of accuracy or true coloring what life in London is. The daily existence of a traveller in London is hard to describe ; it has to be practically experienced to be appreciated. For instance, this was the programme carried out during the first twenty-four hours after our arrival in London. McLean had already decided that we should at once embrace the opportunity of hearing Gilbert and Sullivan's last operatic effort, " The Gondoliers," so the evening was spent at the Savoy theatre.

Sunday morning found us stirring bright and early—we can use the word “bright” conscientiously, if not the “early”—and attended morning service at St. Paul’s; we could not ascertain who the speaker was, but even the poorest preacher would appear eloquent in grand old St. Paul’s Cathedral. In the afternoon we wended our way towards Westminster Abbey, with the indefinite idea of reaching there some time. The journey, however, was much shorter than we anticipated, and we arrived at the Abbey barely in time to gain admittance to the interior so dense was the throng of people, the great majority of them being, like ourselves, strangers. We were confined to one little corner of this vast edifice, and could see but very little of the great congregation which filled almost every available inch of room, but we had one privilege which could not be denied us—that of hearing the strains of the mighty organ, the music of which seemed almost divine to us. Ascertaining the location of Spurgeon’s church before leaving our hotel, we climbed upon the top of a Cheapside omnibus, and after various changes from one ’bus

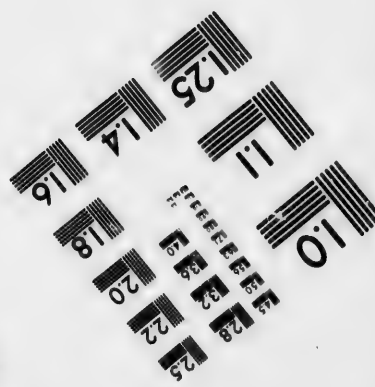
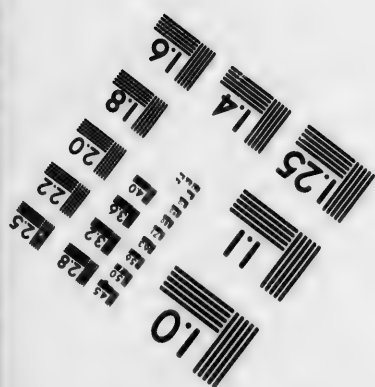
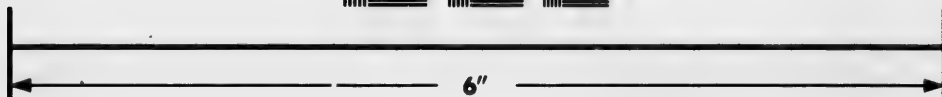
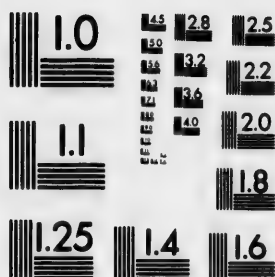
to another we reached the church of the great preacher. We had taken the precaution to secure tickets of admission beforehand, so had no difficulty in getting good seats on the lower floor. Mr. Spurgeon was in one of his happiest moods and gave us the benefit of an excellent sermon, which we duly appreciated ; but the absence of an organ to lead the singing of that immense congregation did seem strange to us, and we could hardly realize that we were in a church when we were prompted to turn and look at the almost unlimited accommodation provided by the immense area this building covers together with its two large galleries.

Day after day the hours were employed in visiting the wonders of London, and its sights may well be called "wonders," for the change is constant ; you may live a year in London and see something new every day. Shortly after our arrival in the metropolis it was our pleasure and privilege to meet Mr. G. H. Smith, the active secretary of the Anerley Bicycle Club of London. Mr. Smith is—well, to use a phrase of western slang, "out of sight" ; everything that he could do





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to add pleasure to our sojourn in London was done with a willingness and indication of sincerity that was absolutely refreshing. Without making any additional comment upon our doings in London at this time we will hurry the journey forward. Nearly ten days after our arrival in London we started out one bright Sunday morning, under the guidance of our friend Smith, to ride to Brighton. Taking the coach road to this famous resort, we had a delightful run of six or seven hours' duration over an excellent bit of surface. Brighton is a great place, there is no doubt about that ; but the entire absence of social gaiety at the time of our visit caused Langley to openly express his disappointment with reference to the town ; we could not even get him to visit the Aquarium, which was certainly a mistake. No one in going to Brighton should miss seeing the Aquarium. Every kind and class of submarine animal is there to be found, disporting in its native element.

With the knowledge that France was so close at hand, we cut short our stay in England's fashionable watering place, and Mon-

day afternoon took the road which skirts the sea beach and quickly covered the few miles between Brighton and Newhaven; as we came rushing down the steep hill, at the bottom of which is the little village of Newhaven, we were gladdened by the sight of McBride, who had come on from London by rail. We found that there were yet about three hours to spare before our steamer started, so we amused ourselves by taking a dip in the ocean, afterwards writing a few necessary letters, and becoming acquainted with a vision of earthly loveliness that claimed this ancient old inn as her home, a veritable pearl among swine, so McLean averred. The remembrance of this gem of feminine beauty kept the whole party in a state of blissful amiability for many days after the material specimen had faded from our sight. Our bicycles safely stowed away, and, after some little difficulty with the Exchange Clerk, who found trouble in collecting sufficient French currency to take the place of the large quantity of pennies we had on hand for incidental tips, we retired to our couches, hoping that the Captain was a truthful man, in telling us

that we were to have a smooth and agreeable run across the channel.

When we arrived at a state of consciousness the following morning, our steamer, the "Rouen," was just being made fast to the pier at Dieppe. The tide was out, so to get in close proximity with the persons who looked curiously at us from the landing, we were obliged to ascend a series of ladders, after which we were treated to the consoling sight of seeing our bicycles swung out in mid air, and elevated by means of ropes and pulleys to where we were. The presentation of our C. T. C. badge to the customs officials was sufficient to remove the barriers which oftentimes prove so annoying to the traveller. Being rather too early in the morning for the interesting portion of the town to be visited, we made the common error of postponing seeing Dieppe until the return journey, and, as is very often the case, the return journey was too hurriedly made to stop for the purpose.

McLean naturally enough was anxious to converse with a few of the natives in their own tongue, and essayed to procure direc-

tions to Arcques where we were to breakfast. We arrived at Arcques in due course, but it has always been a matter of conjecture to the writer to account for the extraordinary expression of countenance worn by McLean, during the dialogue with our first French friends, and why we did not take a more direct course to Arcques. At this village we stopped for a few minutes to partake of our morning refreshment, and to see the ruins of the ancient castle, which once stood on the hill overlooking Arcques. The "sandpapered" roads of France, we found to be all that was claimed for them, and they are certainly hard to beat. You appreciate them so much the more after emerging from any of the villages in which the much detested *pavé* abounds. Three o'clock in the afternoon found us at Rouen, hot, dusty, and tired. This ancient capital of Normandy has much interest for us, and, after partaking of *table d'hôte* at the Hotel D'Angleterre, we spent an hour in the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame, hearing recited by our guide, the legends of Richard Coeur de Lion, Cardinal de Amboise, and Diana of Poitiers. The

Placede la Pucelle contained more interest for us than even the Cathedral ; to this place we soon found our way, standing at the very fountain which now marks the spot whereon Jeanne d'Arc is said to have been burned. Another half hour spent in walking through the quaint thoroughfares of this French city, and we are once more upon our bicycles, following the road which bridges the Seine at this point, out into the open country beyond. Pont del Arche is a village probably eighteen miles from Rouen. When we reached this place, the amount of fatigue we had accumulated during the day prompted us to make our arrangements for the night, and after some little endeavor on the part of our interpreter, we located the Hotel D'Normandie, and found that the good-natured landlord had sufficient accommodation for ourselves and steeds.

With sixty-two miles additional to place to our credit on the log-book, we found ourselves at the close of the following day ensconced in the principal hotel of St. Germain, tired out, but delighted with the day's ride. Our way had led us through a beautiful

stretch of undulating country, providing just enough hill-climbing to vary the monotony of the level. We were nearing Paris, and naturally enough rather in a hurry to get there, so did not spend any time of consequence in Saint Germain. We did prolong our stay somewhat, on account of the landlord of the hotel endeavoring to profit by our apparent inexperience, charging us just double the tariff rates, notwithstanding our appetites were in their normal condition. McLean had to go to the chief of police and air our grievances before the hotel bill was cut in two. With the gratification of knowing that we had saved another mortal from wrongdoing, we bade the somewhat irate innkeeper *au revoir*, and, pushing our wheels before us, commenced the ascent of the gigantic hill lying between Saint Germain and Versailles: which effort occupied our undivided attention for one hour and a half. We arrived in Versailles shortly after, just in time to escape a very severe storm, which, within the space of half an hour, turned the highways into miniature rivers, and had the effect of making us feel satisfied that we

were under cover. By the time we had finished our *dejeuner* the sky was again almost cloudless, and we sallied forth to the old palace once occupied by Louis XIV. The magnificent pictures contained in this palace are alone worth crossing the Atlantic to see. We had a most intelligent guide, an old Englishman, who took us through the various galleries and pointed out the paintings of special import. We felt the contiguity of Paris, and, restless to get awheel once more, we again made the mistake of leaving many of the beauties of Versailles to be seen later on. Ten miles of riding through towns of small consequence and we have the Eiffel Tower, it seems to us, close at hand. We are now at the gate of the city, and, after a few questions by the gend'arme, are privileged to enter the gay capital, although this particular part of Paris did not impress us as being either very gay or beautiful. We do not begin to appreciate the magnificence of Paris until we approach the Place de la Concorde, not far distant from which rises the majestic and imposing Eiffel creation. Without much difficulty we found our ele-

gant and handsomely appointed apartments in the Latin Quarter, and before nightfall we all felt as much at home as four persons could who were wrestling with a dialect which they were yet hardly on speaking terms with.

Nearly ten days flew away before we could make up our minds to leave Paris. How pleasantly those days in the French capital were passed! One month of life in Paris would hardly give sufficient opportunity to thoroughly see the Louvre. A few days' visit to this enormous Art gallery gives the traveller but a faint conception of the treasures contained therein. We employed many of our mornings here. The afternoons would sometimes be devoted to riding over the splendid boulevards or in the Bois de Boulogne, possibly in the palace and garden of the Luxembourg. The opera, of course, held out great inducements to McLean and Peard, and at each of the three performances given during the week these worthies were always to be found. The party was again dissolved in Paris: McBride carrying out his original idea of visiting the Rhine, Lang-

ley taking a mysterious jaunt through the wilds of Germany, McLean and Peard returning to England. We took the train for Dieppe the evening of the last day of July, and were again fortunate in having a pleasant trip across the Channel. While on the steamer we got into conversation with one of the progressive representatives of the United States, who had taken one whole day to see London, and donated a portion of twenty-four hours to the inspection of Paris. When we expressed our sympathy for him in having to return to America so soon without being able to see anything well, he quickly replied that he expected to be in England about two months, but considered he had seen everything worth seeing both in London and Paris in the short space of time given to each !

## CHAPTER VII.

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Once more we are spinning along the high cliffs that tower above the sea-shore, and upon which is built the excellent road bed of the highway between Newhaven and Brighton. Arriving at the latter place, we found that the tide was in the right direction for bathing, so securing possession of a box called a bathing house, we enjoyed a half hour in the Atlantic Ocean. With the expectation of meeting Mr. Smith, of the Anerley B.C., at our hotel, we cut short our dip in Brighton's waters, and proceeded on our way mightily refreshed. Friend Smith did not arrive from London in time to breakfast with us, but soon after getting under way again, his familiar and very welcome form loomed up in the distance, and we once again were greeted in that taking Smithsonian manner. What a ride the energetic secretary of the Anerley Club did lead us that day! It seemed to us that we saw every suburb of London, including the whole

stretch of the world-famous Ripley Road. During our day's travels we made the acquaintance of a very clever fellow, who used a Star as his mount. It was evident from the remarks made by the English small boy that Zimmerman's favourite wheel was unappreciated by them. Towards evening we left our friend of the Star, and soon afterwards took up our quarters for the night at Croydon, a short distance from London. Soon after our arrival in London we received a very kind invitation from Mr. G. Lacy Hillier, of the *Bicycling News* to join his party in the annual camp, which is held for several days following the first Monday in August, at Harrowgate. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hillier soon after, and found him to be, as he is known the world over, one of the brightest cycling lights of the old land. The arrangement of our plans unfortunately precluded the possibility of our joining the Hillier camp at Harrowgate, a circumstance we have always regretted. A few more days were spent in London, sight-seeing and in purchasing sufficient material to fill Peard's capacious trunk, then we came

to the sad time when we were compelled to say goodbye to our friends and commence our journey to Ireland. We left London one evening; after a few hours' of riding we arrived at the coast, where our steamer lay, and enveloped in a dense fog, and a sea running mountains high, started for Erin's Isle. One day spent in Dublin during which time the rain came down in torrents, was sufficient for us, and late the same afternoon we left for Belfast. Here a pleasant surprise awaited us. A gentlemen and lady, whom we had met in Paris, looked us up the very morning of our arrival, and with a bright day as a contrast to the previous one, and the kind attention of our Parisian friends, we spent several very pleasant hours in Belfast. Only three days more before the "State of Nebraska" sets sail from Glasgow for New York, and we have long since secured our staterooms for this trip. So we ruminate as we glide swiftly along over a sea as smooth as glass, on the afternoon run of the "Arrow" between Belfast and Glasgow. How many happy hours have we enjoyed during our trip, and how few sad ones!

We are sorry at the thought of bidding farewell to the shores of Great Britain, yet how our pulse quickens at the thought of the first sight of busy New York, and later on our own Canadian homes.

Glasgow looked just the same, on this our second visit to the city, as it did on that memorable evening in June when we alighted from the train which had carried us from the landing place at Greenock. We even had the rain coming down in torrents; so that our second impression of the slow yet solid Scotch city would not exhibit any startling change from that first formed. We had yet a few days before our steamer sailed, and availed ourselves of the chance to visit one of the most hospitable of Northern England homes in the vicinity of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where two days were most pleasantly spent. We cut short a more extended visit in this region, with its special delights of going down into coal mines, etc., etc., for the prospective tour through the Trossachs. When we got up bright and early on the morning of our last Monday in Scotland to take the train for Edinburgh, where we were to join

the other members of the party, we were disappointed to see threatening clouds overhead, which portended rain, and thorough Scotch rain at that. Before we came in sight of Arthur's Seat the mist was penetrating the atmosphere with that sincerity of purpose that left no doubt in our minds that a start for the Lake district that day was out of the range of possibilities. Many, many times during that and the succeeding two days, during which time we saw nothing but a continuous fall of rain, did we wish ourselves back in Ryton-on-Tyne. Wednesday morning, as we took our train for Glasgow, old Sol did show himself, but his smiling presence came too late for us, we had to sail the next day and the final preparations had yet to be made. We had throughout our journey, when possible, made headquarters at the Waverley temperance hotels, and upon going to our quarters in Glasgow found many of the passengers who had experienced the honor of crossing with us on the *Indiana*. We heard various rumors as to the number of people that were to return on the *State of Nebraska*, and many rumors as to difficulties

experienced in securing desirable accommodation on the boat, so that we were more than ever better pleased that we had booked our state-rooms in June. We are on the tender, and have said a last "good-bye" to the friends who are rapidly fading from view on the dock; and when, in our minds, we look back over the days that have been spent on our little cycling jaunt, now that the wheeling portion is really over, what a decidedly good time we have had. We drive away the gloom, or passing sorrow that comes to us, when we think of the friends we are leaving behind, in the self-assurance that this is but a beginning—we will have, surely, one more at least such experience, and to this we will look forward. The first thing we do the next morning is to open our port, which is permissible by a sea as calm as glass, and good old Ireland greets our vision. There are the hills just beyond Moville, and the ruin of Green Castle on the right, making altogether a very pretty picture.

While waiting for the passengers from Belfast a few of us took advantage of the opportunity to make the somewhat ungrace-

ful, if not perilous, descent of a rope ladder to a sailboat belonging to one of the pilots, and went on shore to take a look at Green Castle, and have a last ride in a jaunting-car. We got some excellent pictures with our kodaks of the castle and its surroundings, and had a delightful bath in the sea. As the day wore on the wind had increased, so that when we got aboard our craft again to reach the steamer there was considerable sea running. We eventually reached the deck of the *Nebraska*, but we were a pretty damp lot. The Toronto contingent was even stronger on the return voyage than it was when crossing over, and certainly much more agreeable, in consequence of a number of decidedly interesting Toronto young ladies with whom McBride and one or two others got on very good terms at an early stage of the trip. The daily routine on shipboard was much the same as our former experience—we simply had a thoroughly good time and did nothing. We had the good fortune of enjoying the most pleasant voyage the *Nebraska* had made during the whole of the summer, so that when we landed in New

York on a hot afternoon, during one of the last days of August, we felt satisfied that we had been given everything that we deserved. Whether in August or December, it matters not which, New York is a charming place, and before the conclusion of the journey we spent a few days there, as a fitting conclusion to our holidays.

We have come to the end of our little story. There is nothing more to say, but to thank our kind and indulgent friends who have followed us through the medium of these papers, and to add the hope that they may have found something to interest and instruct in the pages devoted to "A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence."

FROM  
Paris, France, to Mannheim, Germany.

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A 400-MILE TOUR ON A GRAND OLD ORDINARY,  
1890.

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BY C. LANGLEY.

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Having decided to enter Alsace-Lorraine from France, my first duty was to have my passport *viséd* at the German Embassy, to insure crossing the frontier without interruption. This I easily accomplished without the usual red-tapism attending such matters, and then to avoid the *pavé*, which I found on entering Paris to be unrideable, I took train to Ozouer la Ferriere, a distance of 33 kilos. This is the starting point for cyclists journeying eastward, as the main road for Gretz (6 k.) is easily ascertained.

I had not proceeded far on my journey when the bolt which attaches spring of saddle to neck of wheel came out, nearly causing a fall. Fortunately the good state

of the road permitted my readily finding it, and with the aid of some twine I provided a temporary substitute until the next town was reached.

Passing through Gretz, Tournan, Fontenay and Rozoy, I stopped at the latter town to obtain some French chocolate, and caused no little merriment and surprise in refusing to put something (?) into a glass of water obtained in the store, the onlookers indicating, by rubbing their stomachs, that *aqua pura* was unwholesome.

Before reaching Carrefour (10 k.) I had my first difficulty in ascertaining correct road. Waiting at the forks some minutes, a gentleman came along, who, fortunately, could speak a little English, and gave me the needful direction. Pushing on I passed through Courtacon (15 k.), and had a perfect road for a similar stretch to Courgivaux, where I stopped for the night. Courgivaux Hotel, though small, proved a good resting-place. (65 kilos—40 miles—had been covered since three o'clock.) I managed by pointing to "five" on my watch and rapping on a door to make the landlord understand I desired to be

called next morning at five o'clock, and punctually Mons. Garçon awoke me. A biscuit or two before starting for what proved my best day's run, and I was off for Retourneloup (6 k.), where a glass of milk refreshed me, and then on to Sezanne (13 k.) for breakfast.

The main road or street of Sezanne is a winding and very narrow one, with some very old and quaint-looking buildings. I traversed nearly the entire street before meeting a suitable place for my morning repast.

As no hotel was reported between Sezanne and Vitry le Français, I had to make 66 kilos. before dinner. Latterly the roads had not been first-class, but improved shortly after leaving Sezanne. Nothing of interest deterred me from passing through Feré Champènoise, Sommesaus, Coole and into Vitry le Français in time for an excellent *dejeuner*, for which I only had to pay the modest price of 2 fr. 50 centimes.

During the morning's ride, the road being level and good, I had ridden a stretch of 45 k. (30 miles) in two and a-half hours without

stop. My mileage for half-day incited me to try for a "century," and so I pushed on immediately after dinner, and was rewarded with an excellent road to St. Dezier (28 k.) and Stainville (20 k.), but on nearing Ligny the surface became lumpy and continued poor to St. Aubin. The weather showing signs of rain, I kept on, hoping to reach Void for the night, 14 k. from St. Aubin.

The last 5 kilos. were ridden in the rain, but it was not until I had spent an hour in Void endeavouring to find accommodation for the night that I felt the effects of the drenching. Giving the *Garçon* a fee and making full use of my facial muscles, I gave him to understand I desired my clothes to be dried at the fire-place over night. Retiring, I had almost completed my ablutions, when I had the the honour, with or without leave, of an interview with the Chief of the police. Failing to make him understand my business there, I produced my passport, which evidently satisfied him as he at once bowed himself out of my room, leaving me to enjoy my much needed rest. Total distance for this day 170 k.—say 106 miles.

Purposing to reach Nancy for dinner, distance only 44 kilos., I did not make early start. Had splendid roads and scenery all the way, arriving before noon in time for an excellent *dejeuner* at the Hotel D'Angleterres du Vosges. Having passed through Champenoux (14 k.), Moyenvic (17 k.) and Bourdonney (14 k.), I was anxious to see the boundary line, and was not kept long in suspense, as a German soldier on sentry duty called me to halt and exhibit passport. He slightly understood English and directed me to a farmhouse where I obtained a refreshing drink of milk, the first I had tasted for several days. A little further on, and when coasting a gentle slope, another sentinel came running from his box at the side of the road and so frightened me with his little gun that I nearly had a "cropper" in my anxiety to dismount. After scanning my passport, I was permitted to journey on without further interruption. Heming was the first German town (21 k.), and then Saarburg (8 k.) further on, where I stopped for the night. This latter town has a garrison of 3,500 men, and it seemed to me that every other person was a "sodger."

Reaching Strasburg shortly before noon, I first enquired for my letters at the hotel where English is "spoke," and then went to view the grand Cathedral. Space will not permit of its description, suffice to say that it is a sight worth going a long way to see. From Strasburg to Kehl (5 k.) I successfully tried my power of speed against the electric railway which runs between these points. The country now assumed a very flat surface for miles, and proved uninteresting until Rastatt, the next garrisoned town, was reached (45 k.). Here I met with the keeper of a lager bier garden [Charley always discovers these.—ED.] who had lived in the United States for several years, and obtained valuable aid regarding remainder of my route. A little incident came to my notice here which is worth recording. In showing him my route list of towns (copied from "Tourist Guide"), the word "Gabelung" occurred quite frequently, and which I thought represented the name of a place, judge my surprise and feelings when he informed me it meant simply "cross-roads." Mühlburg, 21 k. from Rastatt, I rode in an hour and ten minutes, and

Graben, 21 k. further on, almost as fast. I covered the entire distance from Strasburg to Graben, 92 k. (58 miles), in exactly seven hours, including a stop of over an hour at Rastatt. This gives some idea of the splendid character of their roads.

In Graben I stopped at the Hotel Gasthof zum Schwanen, a very comfortable and home-like place. For supper I had a half bottle of wine and biscuit, costing 8 cents; room and breakfast, say 60 cents more. This gives a fair idea of the cost of living in German villages. Mannheim (47 k.—29 miles) was my destination for following morning. The roads maintained their good name up to the last, being level, hard and smooth. I left Graben at 8.30, and passing through small villages, among them being Wiesenthal, Waghausel, Neuleisshiem and Schwetzingen, I reached Mannheim at 11 a.m., slightly suffering from a strained knee, caused, I think, by Tuesday's exertion. While having dinner at a Mannheim restaurant, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of six Scotch school-masters, who had completed a walking trip through the mountains and were

returning home *via* the Rhine. We made arrangements to sail down the Rhine together as far as Koln, where I took train for Ostend and returned thence to London.

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## A PLEASANT MEMORY.

BY R. H. McBRIDE.

The writer had long been desirous of visiting the famous Mont Blanc, so when the meditated wheel upon the continent was under consideration, Geneva, the beautiful Swiss city, was made the objective point. The party who had wheeled from Edinburgh to Paris having separated in the latter city, it was left to the writer to continue his onward journey alone. On the bright afternoon of the 21st July, 1890, "good-bye" was said and the wheel was trundled over the wretched *pavé* of Paris to the Gare de Lyon, where a ticket was purchased for Villeneuve de St. George to escape the villanous streets of Paris. On reaching the village an attempt was made to purchase some post-cards, but the French of the writer was not sufficiently polished to have any weight with the post-mistress, and the cards were left behind.

Having better success in enquiring the route, the village gave place to a perfect road and good progress was made. Nowhere are there better roads for cycling to be found than in France, as they seem to have reached the acme of road-making in that country.

The forest of Sennart was soon entered, and as it extended for several kilometres it was not fully left behind till the town of Melun was reached in the early evening. This is a fair sample of the large French villages, and very good accommodation was found at the Hotel Grande Monarch.

The next morning being fine, good wheeling was the result, and the following villages were passed without anything worthy of note to record: Le Chatelat, La Valance and Montereau. Before entering the last a fine view of the surrounding country was obtained from the heights above the village. Dinner was taken at Sens, and then on through Joigny, Briennon, St. Florentin and Floigny to Tonnerre. In passing through one of the villages a stop was made to view the operation of baking the long French loaves. On being taken out of the oven they were stood

up in the corner like so many sticks of wood, and then being dusted off were placed in the window for sale. Accounts were kept by means of notched tally sticks, many strings of which were seen in the shop.

Another industry that had interest for the Canadian traveller was the making of the *sabots*, or wooden shoes, which are worn almost universally by the peasantry. The process of grape culture also was novel and interesting.

As it became dark before reaching Tonnerre there was great danger of missing the road, but, as good fortune would have it, the right turning was taken, and soon the lights of the town appeared and the hotel was reached just in time to escape a down-pour of rain. The landlady gave the cyclist a hearty welcome and announced to two gentlemen in the smoking room that an Englishman had arrived. The guests, who were neither of them English, but could speak the language fluently, brought their wine into the supper room, and the next hour passed very pleasantly in conversation on topics of general interest. As the ride for the day had

been some ninety-five miles there was no disposition to keep late hours, but the landlady, like many others of her sex, was curious, and tried to keep up a flow of conversation with the traveller, wishing to know where he came from, where he was going to and to whom he was writing. When told "*ma femme*" she seemed delighted and thought it was very good.

In consequence of not enquiring the route when leaving Tonnerre the wheel seemed to be travelling through all the back lanes and along the tow-path of the canal. A search was made for another and better route and was finally rewarded with success.

Being thrown on his own resources as to the language the traveller brushed up a few phrases, but the main difficulty was always to understand the "other man." However, a chance familiar word now and then gave the cue and few mistakes were made. After passing through Montbard where dinner was obtained, a poor route to Dijon was selected, and the riding became so bad that it was disheartening, but after twenty miles of the worst road found in France it improved

very much, and on nearing Dijon it became excellent, and the gate of the old city was entered in the afternoon after a ride of about eighty miles.

A very good cup of tea (a scarce article in France) was obtained at the Hotel de la Cloche, where the clerk spoke English.

The special objects of interest observed through the day were the stone-roofed houses, the roof being made of stones about three or four inches thick, laid flat and overlapping.

After a good supper a stroll was taken through the town and a lunch purchased for a midnight meal on the train, which proved very unsatisfying, as it was all in appearance and very little in substance. An attempt was made to purchase a pair of slippers, but meagre knowledge of French caused considerable amusement with the saleswoman before the purchase was completed.

Ascertaining that a train left for Geneva at midnight, arrangements were made to have the bicycle registered for that point, and after trying to find out whether any changes were made before reaching the Swiss city, the train was boarded in the hope that no

greater mistake would be made than had already happened during the day. Geneva was reached the next day at noon, but on the way some Americans, accompanied by a Norwegian, who acted as guide, came into the compartment and shortly afterwards were the subjects of considerable enquiry by a customs official at the frontier, who seemed to consider a harmless camera, which one of the party carried, as contraband goods. Geneva is a charming city, nestling under the shadow of the mountains at the foot of the Lake Geneva, whose waters are so clear the bottom can be seen quite distinctly. Among the points of interest in the city Calvin's church was visited, and his alleged residence, also the curious council chamber in the third storey of a stone edifice. The councillors were accustomed to reach this room by riding up an inclined road inside on the backs of their mules, a proceeding very much improved on in our modern times and our more modern land by the introduction of hydraulic elevators.

The main reason for visiting Geneva being to view Mont Blanc, some thirty miles

distant but distinctly visible at the city, some two hours were spent on one of the quays jutting out into the lake, gazing at the far-famed summit. The day was very clear and a fine view was obtained. When the sun had set the top of the snow-capped mountain was clearly defined against the darkening sky like a piece of clean-cut marble and looking like the profile of a face of stern beauty. The next morning the mountain was hidden by clouds, so that a further view could not be obtained. At noon the train was again boarded after the wheel had been registered for Strasburg by the help of an interpreter, who appears to hang around the station for the purpose of helping strangers in distress in the expectation of receiving a gratuity. On reaching Lausanne a mistake was made by remaining on the train instead of changing cars and when the conductor came around he seemed very much annoyed and said a good deal, of which the purport was that on reaching the first station the traveller would have to get out and find his way back as best he might. Several stations were passed without stopping until

the train had gone up well into the mountain when a small side station was reached and the traveller got out. Making enquiries at the station it was found that a railway ran along the lake at the foot of the mountains. Starting out on a level road it soon became necessary to enquire the route, and a gentleman seated at the road-side under the trees was accosted with "*Pardonnez moi, monsieur, est ce le chemin de Rivaz St. Saphorin ?*" Looking at the interrogator for a moment he asked, "Do you speak English?" and then kindly gave the required direction. Without much trouble the foot of the mountain was reached and the station came into view. The train soon came along and on reaching Lausanne the correct train was caught on the point of leaving for Bienne, which was reached that same evening at 8 p.m. Securing hotel accommodation for the night near the station so that the early train might be taken, the evening was spent in writing home the events of the day. The route next morning was through a most beautiful part of the mountains, passing the mountain villages of La Heute, Soncebois and Dele-

mont, and giving to the tourist a most delightful outlook upon the valleys and mountains as the train sped along the mountain sides or through the tunnels, some of which occupied nearly three minutes in passing.

When Bale was reached the interest had gone and the level country had no special attraction. The train arrived at Strasburg about noon, and after a good dinner enquiry was made for the wheel, which had apparently gone astray upon the route. With the aid of a couple of young Englishmen who could speak German, it was ascertained that it had been detained at the frontier awaiting examination, so a telegram was sent off to hurry it forward.

The cathedral, far-famed as the depository of the wonderful clock, was then visited, and after the exterior had been sufficiently admired, the interior claimed attention. Of course, the wondrous piece of mechanism which occupied one of the chapels was the main object of interest. It had escaped unscathed the storm of shot and shell that fell in the city during its investment by the

Germans in the late war. The cathedral itself is a noble pile, and well worthy the visit of the passing traveller. The wheel coming to hand next morning, was released after a routine of red-tapeism, but strange to say no charge was made for the time involved.

A table d'hote dinner was taken at the hotel, and it was interesting to notice the various dishes that were presented to the guests, some of which, though foreign in appearance, would not have done injustice to the Queen's or Rossini. A good number of the officers of the German army were present, and by their uniforms added brightness to the gathering. There was some difficulty in finding the way through the tortuous streets of the city next morning to the gate leading towards Kehl, a town on the eastern bank of the Rhine, and the point from which the Germans operated against Strasburg. As the morning was fine and the roads very good, the walled town of Rastadt, some thirty miles distant, was reached before breakfast was ordered.

It was in ordering this simple meal, the conclusion was arrived at that the German

language was not quite so easy a tongue to manage as the text-books would have one believe. There was great difficulty in making "mine host" understand the simple requirement of bread and butter, eggs and coffee, but it was finally surmounted and the inner man satisfied. Nothing specially of interest occurred during the day's ride until Heidelberg was reached, when in trying to pronounce Mayence after the German fashion, the route to Mannheim was pointed out, and after riding quite a distance, the road had to be traversed, and by accosting a professorial-looking gentleman, the correct route to Darmstadt was obtained along the eastern side of the Rhine.

Arriving at Schriesheim, some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a place for the night, but eventually good accommodation was obtained at very reasonable rates, and after a good night's rest the journey was resumed, but the roads were not found as good approaching Darmstadt as they had been hitherto, so that at times the sidepath was resorted to, but always with the fear of the law before the eyes, as occasionally per-

sons by the roadside were seen talking earnestly and making gesticulations, but the rider being ignorant of the language, supposed it all meant in plain English, "get off the sidewalk." During the early part of the morning, as the cyclist wheeled into an inn-yard to take shelter from a threatened shower, he was greeted by "Hello, you John Bull, eh?" On being informed that was the rider's nationality, the speaker tried to enter into conversation, but it turned mainly upon the grievance that he could not get out of the country, owing to adverse circumstances, and said he considered Germany was nothing but a nation of soldiers. His conversation, such as it was, he interlarded with expletives apparently picked up in America, and intended to give emphasis to his remarks. Shortly afterwards a fellow cyclist was overtaken who was going to Darmstadt. As his conversation was confined to the German language, it was not specially edifying, but as we could not quarrel over the respective merits of our wheels, we were perforce good-natured. On reaching Darmstadt, adieu was uttered, and the

writer again had recourse to the most intelligent-looking gentleman he could see on the street, in the hope that English would be spoken. Meeting with success, a route for Mayence was obtained, and leaving the city behind, the wheel was headed towards the Rhine.

After riding several kilometres along a very indifferent road, a board was noticed at the entrance to a forest, and as the name Mainz was conspicuous, the rider turned into the shady path, which was a very welcome change from the open road. Kilometre after kilometre was passed without seeing a single soul or even a habitation, but at length the forest came to a end, and on reaching a small village dinner was ordered in the *gasthaus*, which consisted of black bread and blacker broth, with still blacker steak, but whether of beef or horse could not be ascertained. The difficulty came when a drink of water was asked for, as the landlord could not be made to understand that there were a few people in the world who preferred water to beer.

Early in the afternoon the town of Castel,

opposite Mayence, was entered, and crossing the fine stone bridge lately erected here across the Rhine, the trip on the continent by the wheel came to an end. Obtaining accommodation at the "Englischer Hof" at Mayence, information was sought concerning the steamers going down the Rhine and a guide-book purchased in order that the scenery and historic points of interest might be more thoroughly and intelligently enjoyed. At night the river, opposite which the hotel was situated, seemed to be illuminated, and with the numerous lights stationary and moving formed a picture not to be soon forgotten. At Mayence was noticed the large public washing boats where all the dirty linen and heavy goods were brought by the women to be soaped and scrubbed into cleanliness.

At breakfast the next morning the usual tip was offered to the waiter (who would have passed for the proprietor), but looking at it superciliously, said: "What can I do with it, can I bank it?" He was told he could hand it back if he did not want it, but not succeeding in his effort to get more finally pocketed it. The steamer had a fair list of passengers

in the morning, and after an hour or so the scenery became more and more interesting as places came into view that had been read of since early childhood. One of the great sights on the Rhine to-day is the immense monument erected on the heights on the eastern bank in commemoration of the German victories in the late Franco-German war. Many other points of interest, such as the Mouse Tower, Lorely Rock, Castles in the Clouds and others, were noted with increasing delight, and the whole day was spent in one position enjoying the charm of old-world recollections and the winding river. The Rhine is crossed at several points by bridges of boats, and certain sections of these drop out when the steamer has to pass through.

Cologne came into sight in the early evening, and impresses the traveller very favorably on approaching it by the river, the stately and beautiful cathedral standing out prominently above the rest of the buildings.

Cologne was left behind at 1 p.m. the following day by train, and after passing

through Liege, Aix-le-Chapelle, Malines and Ghent, Ostend was reached at 8.30 p.m., and the steamer boarded for Dover, which was entered at 2 a.m., and a feeling of relief was experienced at getting back to a country where one did not have to resort to signs to make himself understood.

Dover was enveloped in a heavy fog, and after waiting till daylight the wheel was brought gladly into requisition again, and climbing slowly through the heavy mist the upper plains were reached.

With a "glad heart and free," the wheel was headed for Canterbury, the Mecca of early pilgrimages and the scene of the murder of Thomas a Beckett at the altar of the cathedral. Arriving too early to obtain breakfast, the time was passed in hobnobbing with the constable on duty in the old tower at the gate on the London road, and visiting the first and oldest Christian church in England, which stands in a field a short distance from the historic cathedral. As the interior of the cathedral could not be seen before 10 a.m. breakfast was taken leisurely, and a guide-book having been procured the history of

the town and cathedral was studied up in order that a more intelligent knowledge of the place and surroundings might be implanted in the mind of the reader. When the interesting points of the cathedral had been fully inspected, the wheel was turned in the direction of London, along the road that had many a time been trodden by the feet of the numerous pilgrims to Canterbury in the olden time. A good part of the road between Canterbury and Chatham was very fine, and between the towns a good pace was kept up. On reaching Chatham a long, steep hill had to be descended to get through the town, and as discretion was considered "the better part of valor," a dismount was made until the worst of it was passed. Rochester forms such a close connection with Chatham that the two towns had to be traversed before the country was again reached. There seemed to be quite a number of tramps, many of them women, on the London road passing from one town to another, and in many cases enjoying by the side of the road the meals which had been supplied by the charity of those to whom they had applied.

When Rochester was left behind, the road ran north to the river Thames at Gravesend, and then along the south shore through Northfleet, Greenhithe and Dartford to Blackheath and into the heart of London on the Surrey side. Following some of the streets that seemed to run due west, the river was not sighted till Vauxhall bridge was reached, a point about one mile west of the hotel. Crossing the bridge and riding along the Albert Embankment to the Parliament Buildings, a detour was made and the Victoria Embankment utilized as far as Farringdon street, from which Holborn was reached, and, then getting out of the rush of the traffic, arrived at the hotel at 7 p.m., after a very pleasant and most interesting ride of seventy-eight miles. In London good-bye was said to the wheel which had travelled over 1,400 miles in Scotland, England and on the continent without a mishap or breakdown of any kind, and the bicycle tour was a thing of the past to remain a pleasant memory throughout life. The wheel itself was sent to the manufacturers to have some changes made in it before taking it on board ship for the

home-ward voyage. In London, Peard and McLean were again met and the sights of London enjoyed in their company. On the way to Liverpool Oxford was visited, then Belfast, Edinburgh and Glasgow, from which port ship was taken for home.

And now in closing, a word as to the route. From Dieppe to Paris the roads are excellent, the people very courteous and hospitable, and the scenery delightful to the English tourist from a sense of change, for, though there is not the diversity of hill and dale as in England, there is very little monotony, except in the beginning of the trip. Every village is a picture in itself, and, as a rule, has a good specimen of the early architecture. From Paris to Dijon the conditions are somewhat changed and, as the traveller proceeds further south, the hills become larger and the cyclist has the agreeable change of long ascents and most delightful coasting, added to which are the charming views to be obtained from the heights. The national routes are generally fine specimens of road-making and for wheeling are the best the writer has ever seen. The roads throughout Germany will compare

favorably with the English highways, but the people as a rule are more abrupt and brusque than the French, this difference being soon noted after passing the frontier. The scenery in the district through which the writer passed on his wheel did not present much diversity, and through the Rhine valley the roads were level, making the ride more monotonous than would have been the case in a hilly country. To intending tourists the writer would recommend a trip through France and Germany, and if time permitted Belgium also would repay a visit. One does not need to carry much on the journey as a weight of six pounds was the outside of the writer's luggage while on the continent. The route-book is necessary for the selection of routes and hotels, and it also give the names of persons who act as Consuls and are ready to furnish information and give what assistance the tourist may require (short of calling upon them for a loan).

Good meals can be had at very reasonable prices at almost all the villages *en route*, the *dejeuner* being usually *café-au-lait* with eggs and bread and butter. The tip to the waiter is usually ten centimes, while the cost

of a breakfast as above is about one franc. In Germany the cost is a slight advance on this. In France the cost of taking the wheel by rail is simply the registration fee, ten centimes, while in Germany there is a slight charge for the transportation. The weather on the continent was fine, very little rain fell during the trip and there was no delay caused at any period of the tour by muddy roads. The hotel accommodation as a rule was very good, and the proprietor seemed always anxious to please. The trip was greatly enjoyed by the writer and he would gladly repeat the pleasant experience did opportunity offer.